

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

## THE CENTRAL SUN.

Lectures upon Astronomy have for some years been very popular with that portion of the public which seeks for information. The greater part of such lectures commence with the sun; then follows a description of our solar system, of the planets in their respective order and magnitude, of their revolutions and distances from the central light, and finally, perhaps, some observations upon the phases of the moon, the stripes of Jupiter, and the rings of Saturn. A few remarks are generally added, which excite the wonder of the hearers, and they all go home with the conviction, that the compass of astronomical science is in their hands, and that for them there are no longer any astronomical secrets.

But this state of things cannot last; with increasing knowledge, the desire of understanding what has been learned is also increasing; the old boundaries are found too narrow for the existing intelligence, and no sooner is a great work completed, than men begin to strive for the attainment of one yet greater. The popular mind is no longer satisfied with the nourishment which was given to it ten or fifteen years ago, but has become, in a certain sense, the reflection of the progress of science, more comprehensive in its aims, but at the same time more simple, more exact, and more accurate.

As a consequence of this, popular astronomy is beginning to extend its sphere beyond the sun and the planets; it is beginning to know something of other systems besides our own, of double and triple stars, some of them at inconceivable distances, of nebular stars, and new planets. There is especially one fact, to which the elder Herschel first called attention, which although well known to scientific men, has but rarely been noticed in public, and which, nevertheless, is in direct opposition to the common opinion. The prevailing idea with regard to our sun is, namely, that, excepting a rotatory motion about its centre of gravity, it holds a fixed and immovable position in the heavens. Recent investigations have, however, confirmed the truth of the assertion, that in common with the whole universe it has a progressive motion through space, inasmuch as it obeys a mighty unknown influence, analogous to that which impels the smaller planets in their circular courses. We will now endeavour to give a brief sketch of the present state of our knowledge with regard to this interesting subject.

It has been already mentioned, that the late Sir William Herschel was the first who proved, what astronomers had long before conjectured, that the sun has a progressive motion through space. In the course of his unwearying examination of the starry fields of heaven, he had at different periods made three several measurements of the stars included in the catalogue of Flamsteed, the first royal astronomer.

Each time he found that the positions differed considerably from those indicated in the catalogue; two stars of the fourth magnitude, in the constellation Hercules, which had been observed by Flamsteed, were no longer to be seen, and the same phenomenon was noticed in Cancer, and Perseus; the stars therefore had either been lost, or they had removed to such a distance that they were no longer to be recognized, while several others had become visible which had not previously been noticed. Herschel now extended his observations to a great number of stars and constellations, and in every case the result was, that since the time of Flamsteed the most extraordinary changes had taken place. He therefore asserted, in the year 1783, in one of his communications to the Royal Society: "this reason alone might lead us to conjecture that strictly speaking there is not a single fixed star in the heavens; but there are also other grounds which give the undeniable result that there can be no doubt of the universal motion of all systems of stars, and therefore also of the sun."

Lalande had already expressed his belief that "the sun has a real motion in space;" but Herschel went further, — he proved it. As Copernicus two centuries before demonstrated, that the apparent motion of the sun through the heavens results from the real motion of the earth, so the English astronomer showed that the changes in the positions of distant stars does not arise merely from their own motion, but principally from that of our system. Still occupied with the prosecution of his inquiries, in the year 1805 he writes; "a glance at the revolution of moons around their planets, and of these around the sun, must lead to the idea that the sun also revolves around a centre which is as yet unknown." Subsequently he proved beyond all doubt, that the sun with all its attendant planets is approaching with great rapidity towards one of the stars in Hercules.

Further inquiries upon this subject have been reserved for more recent times, and the high

state of perfection which has been attained in the construction of mathematical instruments, has enabled astronomers to define the difference between apparent and real motion, and in every respect to confirm the bold and original views of Herschel. A number of anomalies in the motions of stars were at once explained by the fact of the motion of the sun in space. But this motion is so rapid, that, according to the calculation of Bessel, it amounts to 3,336,000 miles\* daily. Humboldt very eloquently describes the effects of this inconceivable rapidity. "The beautiful stars of the Centaur and of the southern Cross must at some future time become visible in our northern latitudes, while other constellations, (Sirius and the stars forming the girdle of Orion) will no longer appear above the horizon. The place of the north-pole will successively be designated by Cepheus and Cygnus, until the expiration of 12,000 years, when Wega will become the most brilliant polar star. These particulars may enable us to realize the magnitude of the movements which are uninterruptedly taking place in infinitely small periods of time within the great chronometer of the universe. In every point of the vault of heaven we discern the law of progressive motion, as well as upon the surface of the earth, where vegetation is unceasingly putting forth its leaves and buds, and unfolding its blossoms."

The improvement of the telescope, which enabled astronomers to penetrate further into space, gave them at the same time the means of more careful and accurate observations. The heavens were measured in every direction, and the most exact astronomical maps were constructed. Among the most interesting phenomena which were explained by means of these investigations, are the double stars, of which up to the present time about six thousand have been made known, chiefly through the labors of the two Herschels, and of Struve, a Russian astronomer. It was shown that the different appearance which the stars present, depends not upon their magnitude, but upon their distance. They are, however, still classified according to their magnitude, and range from number one to twenty-two. Number one indicates the brightest, nearest stars, and number twenty-two the smallest, most distant. Only the stars of the first six classes are visible to the naked eye. It was found that the fixed stars are only comparatively and not absolutely stationary, and that they are the central points of systems exactly similar to ours. But the discovery that planets revolve around these centres is a new addition to the great triumphs of astronomical science.

\* German miles, of which fifteen equal sixty nine and a half English miles. — ED. DAG.

The double stars revolve around each other, and present the simplest or elementary form of the motion of heavenly bodies. Besides these twofold systems, there are also threefold, and so on, increasing in number and complexity. Whithersoever the observer directs his looks, he discovers motion in obedience to a universal law of gravity; wheresoever the stars glitter and shine, they are grouped in increasing splendor around a certain, though unseen, point of attraction. We cannot therefore be surprised, that philosophers have speculated about the existence and position of some mighty Central Sun, around which, in the course of countless ages, the whole universe of stars revolves.

Various stars have already, from time to time, been indicated as the centre around which the whole is turning. Sirius, especially, on account of his magnitude and brilliancy, has often been conjectured to be that centre; but the observations of later astronomers, Argelander and Bessel, have proved that this star evidently revolves around some larger one, invisible to us, so that instead of being the leader of the whole army of fixed stars, he is but one of the subordinate members of a partial system.

In the last few years, the heavens have been so carefully investigated, that but few of the principal movements of the stars have remained unknown to us. But when we consider their distribution in infinite space, we can find no point filled by a star of the first magnitude, which complies with the necessary conditions. The more or less rapid motions appear as yet to be only optical; and it is one of the chief aims of modern astronomy to accurately define these motions by the aid of the parallaxes. This remark applies also to the double stars, since there is not one of them which appears to indicate the existence of any considerable mass. From all these negative premises the conclusion has been arrived at, that it is vain to seek a central body in our immediate system of stars.

The fact that in the separate systems of the fixed stars, and especially in those of the double stars, there is not on the whole a great preponderance in the mass of one of these bodies, but that the two masses are for the most part equal, has naturally created doubts with respect to the existence of such a central body, which has generally been described as an enormous, preponderating mass.

If this were the fact, we should observe the most rapid motion in the vicinity of this mass, as in our own system we perceive the swiftest revolutions in those planets which are nearest to the sun. In an analogous relation we should see, supposing the central mass to be invisible, that in some parts of the heavens the stars move less

rapidly than those which are situated nearer to the central region.

Mr. Mädler, the Russian astronomer at Dorpat, whose name has already been rendered celebrated by his excellent map of the moon, is one of those who have devoted the most unwearied attention to this subject. A series of observations, continued during six years, has led him to the conclusion, that the Newtonian law of attraction, which is the rule of our solar system, exists likewise in the systems of the fixed stars. It is very difficult to convey an idea of the method by which these results were obtained, since for this a knowledge of the most difficult details of the science of astronomy is required. The pilot of a ship, who in foggy weather feels his way with the lead, might serve as an illustration.

After an examination of the different hypotheses to which we have referred, Mr. Mädler proceeds to point out the milky way as the fundamental plan of our groups of stars. The general line of its direction describes a more or less perfect great circle, which divides the heavens into two unequal portions. The northern, or smaller portion is, comparatively speaking, more thinly strewn with stars, while the southern portion, to which we lie nearer, is densely covered with them. By means of a series of observations of the various groups, as well as of the single stars, Mr. Mädler deduces approximations regarding the position which he is in search of; and finally, after successively rejecting them, and after persevering for a long time in his investigations, he finds in the group of the Pleiades a centre, which he asserts to be the true one. In his own words, "the axis around which the fixed stars, as one great whole, perform their eternal revolutions."

It is generally known, that among the most remarkable groups of stars, there is not one which for brilliancy, or the multitude of its stars, can compare with the Pleiades. Their density is not optical alone; they were found to be in a region rich in stars, and they answer to all the other conditions which we have endeavoured to explain. Since there is the most perfect agreement in the calculations of the peculiar motions of these stars, this may serve as a proof of the accuracy of the astronomical catalogues, which will lighten the labors of future observers. Mr. Mädler compares the observations of the most celebrated astronomers of England and the Continent upon this group and some of the neighbouring constellations; directing his attention first to twelve stars, which lie within five degrees of Alcyone, the most brilliant star of the Pleiades, and then to fifty-seven, the distance of which is from ten to fifteen degrees. Observations upon these stars demonstrate that they all, with few

exceptions, have a positive motion towards the south;—the exceptions are mostly among the fifty-seven last named stars. Forty of these have in eighty-five years only moved two seconds of a degree; and it is very difficult to determine the direction of this movement. But it is certain that of one hundred and ten stars which have been counted within fifteen degrees of Alcyone, sixty move in a southern, and not one in a northern direction. It cannot possibly be maintained that such a result is the effect of chance. Similar observations have been made upon one hundred and seventy-two stars in Bradley's catalogue; and in each case the movement is toward the south, although in some it is very trifling.

"Although," Mr. Mädler continues, "it results from what has been said, that this region of the heavens complies with all the requisite conditions, it is nevertheless necessary, that every possible proof should be adduced. Numerous trials with the most varied calculations have convinced me, that no other point can be found, which so well answers to all the requirements, as that which I have adopted. I can therefore assert, as the result of my investigations, that the group of the Pleiades is the centre of the whole system of fixed stars, which extends to the utmost limits known under the name of the milky way, and that Alcyone is the star of that group which, in all probability, is the true central sun."

Light requires 537 years in order to penetrate from that central sun to us, and its mass is 117,400,000 times as great as our sun. The revolution of the sun around Alcyone requires a period of 18,200,000 years, and supposing that its motion continues in the same manner as now, the sun will reach the ascending point of its circular course, in the year 154,500 of our era. These calculations are not given as definitively fixed, but as the nearest approximation which has yet been arrived at.

At the close of his observations, Mr. Mädler expresses the hope that his pains may not have been thrown away, but that other men of science will prosecute these enquiries, so as to throw more and more light upon the system of the universe. Whatever reception his theory may meet with, we are sure that his services in the cause of science will not be undervalued. — *Miscellen.*

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The nettle mounteth on high; while the violet shrouds itself under its own leaves, and is chiefly found out by its fragrantcy. Let Christians be satisfied with the honor that cometh from God only. — *Manton.*

## WORKS OF HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

*The Improvisatore; or, Life in Italy*, from the Danish of HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by MARY HOWITT.

*Only a Fiddler!* and *O. T. or, Life in Denmark*, by the Author of *The Improvisatore*. Translated by MARY HOWITT.

*A True Story of my Life*, by HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Translated by MARY HOWITT.

*Tales from Denmark*. Translated by CHARLES BONAR.

*A Picture-Book without Pictures*. Translated by META TAYLOR.

*The Shoes of Fortune, and other Tales*.

*A Poet's Bazaar*. Translated by CHARLES BECKWITH, Esq.

If our readers have perchance stumbled upon a novel called 'The Improvisatore,' by one HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, a Dane by birth, they have probably regarded it in the light, merely, of a foreign importation, to assist in supplying the enormous annual consumption of our circulating libraries, which devour books as fast as our mills do raw cotton; with some difference, perhaps, in the result, for the material can rarely be said to be worked up into any thing like substantial raiment for body or mind, but seems to disappear altogether in the process. As the demand, here, exceeds all ordinary means of supply, they may have been glad to see that our trade with the North is likely to be beneficial to us, in this our intellectual need. Its books may not be so durable as its timber, nor so substantial as its oxen, but, then, they are articles of faster growth, and of easier transportation. To free-trade, in these productions of the literary soil, not the most jealous protectionist will object; and they have, perhaps, been amused to observe how the mere circumstance of a foreign origin has given a cheap reputation, and the essential charm of novelty, to materials which in themselves were neither good nor rare. The popular prejudice deals very differently with foreign oxen and foreign books; for, whereas, an Englishman has great difficulty in believing that good beef can possibly be produced from any pastures but his own, and the outlandish beast is always looked upon with more or less suspicion, he has, on the contrary, a highly liberal prejudice in favor of the book from foreign parts; and nonsense of many kinds, and the most tasteless extravagances are allowed to pass unchallenged, and unproved, by the

aid of a German, or French, or Danish, title-page.

Nay, the eye is sometimes tasked to discover extraordinary beauty, where there is nothing but extraordinary blemish. Where the shrewd translator has veiled some absurdity or rashness of his author, the more profound reader has been known to detect a meaning and a charm, which "the English language had failed adequately to convey;" and he has, perhaps, shown a sovereign contempt for "the bungling translator," at the very time when that discreet workman had most displayed his skill and judgment. The idea has sometimes occurred to us—Suppose one of these foreign books were suddenly proved to be of genuine home production—suppose the German, or the Dane, or the Frenchman, were discovered to be a fictitious personage, and all the genius, or all the rant, to have really emanated from the English gentleman, or lady, who had merely professed to translate—presto! how the book would instantly change colors! What a reverse of judgment would there be! What secret *misgivings* would now be detected and proclaimed! What sudden outpourings of epithets by no means complimentary! How the boldness of many a metaphor would be transformed into sheer impudence! How the profundities would clear up, leaving only darkness behind! They were so mysterious—and now, throw all the light of heaven upon them, and there is nothing there but a blunder or a blot.

If our readers, we say, have fallen upon this, and other novels of Andersen, they have probably passed them by as things belonging to the literary *season*: they have been struck with some passages of vivid description, with touches of genuine feeling, with traits of character which, though imperfectly delineated, bore the impress of truth; but they have pronounced them, on the whole, to be unfashioned things, but half made up, constructed with no skill, informed by no clear spirit of thought, and betraying a most undisciplined taste. Such, at least, was the impression their first perusal left upon our mind. Notwithstanding the glimpses of natural feeling and of truthful portraiture which caught our eye, they were so evidently deficient in some of the higher qualities which ought to distinguish a writer, and so defaced by abortive attempts at fine writing, that they hardly appeared deserving of a very critical examination, or a very careful study. But now there has lately come into our hands the autobiography of Hans Christian Andersen, 'The True Story of

my Life,' and this has revealed to us so curious an instance of intellectual cultivation, or rather of genius exerting itself without any cultivation at all, and has reflected back so strong a light, so vivid and so explanatory, on all his works, that what we formerly read with a very mitigated admiration, with more of censure than of praise, has been invested with quite a novel and peculiar interest. Moreover, certain tales for children have also fallen into our hands, some of which are admirable. We prophesy them an immortality in the nursery—which is not the worst immortality a man can win—and doubt not but that they have already been read by children, or told to children, in every language of Europe. Altogether, Andersen, his character and his works, have thus appeared to us a subject worthy of some attention.

We insist upon coupling them together. We must be allowed to abate somewhat of the austerity of criticism, by a reference to the life of the author. We cannot implicitly follow the unconditioned admiration of Mrs. Howitt for "the beautiful thoughts of Andersen," which she tells us in her preface to the Autobiography, "it is the most delightful of her literary labors to translate." We must be excused if we think that the mixture of praise and of puff, which the lady lavishes so indiscriminately upon the author whose works she translates, is more likely to display her own skill and dexterity in author-craft, than permanently to enhance the fame of Andersen. In the works which Mrs. Howitt has translated (with the exception of the Autobiography), there is a great proportion of most unquestionable trash, which, we should imagine, it must be a great affliction to render into English.

It is curious, and perhaps necessary, to watch this new relationship which has sprung up in the world of letters, between the original author and his translator. A reciprocity of services is always amiable, and one is glad to see society enriched by another bond of mutual amity. The translator finds a profitable commodity in the genius of his author; the author, a staunch champion in his foreign ally, who, notwithstanding his community of interest, can still praise without blushing. Many good results doubtless arise from this alliance, but an increased chance of impartial criticism is not likely to be one of them.

When Andersen writes *for childhood* or of childhood, he is singularly felicitous—fanciful, tender, and true to nature. This alone were sufficient to separate him from the crowd of common writers. For the rest of his works, if you will look at them kindly, and with a friendly scrutiny, you will find many a natural sentiment

vividly reflected. But traces of the higher operations of the intellect, of deep or subtle thought, of analytic power, of ratiocination of any kind, there are absolutely none. If, therefore, his injudicious admirers should insist, without any reference to his origin or culture, on extolling his writings as works submitted, without apology or excuse, to the mature judgment and formed taste—they can only peril the reputation they seek to magnify. They will expose to ridicule and contempt one, who, if you allow him a place apart by himself, becomes a subject of kindly and curious regard. If they insist upon his introduction, unprotected by the peculiar circumstances which environ him—we do not say amongst the literary magnates of his time, but even in the broad host of highly cultivated minds, we lose sight of him, or we follow him with something very much like a smile of derision.

We remember being told of a dexterous stratagem, by which a lady cured her son of what she deemed an unworthy passion for a rustic beauty. We tell the story—for it may not only afford us an illustration, but a hint also to other perplexed mammas, who may find themselves in the like predicament. She had argued and of course in vain, against his high-flown admiration of the village belle. She was a goddess! She would become a throne! Apparently acquiescing in his matrimonial project, she now professed her willingness to receive his bride-elect. Accordingly, she sent her own milliner—mantua-maker—what you will,—to array her in the complete toilette of a lady of fashion. The blushing damsel appeared in the most elegant attire, and took her place in the maternal drawing-room, amongst the sisters of the enraptured lover. Alas! enraptured no more! The rustic beauty, where could it have flown? The belle of the village was transformed into a very awkward young lady. Goddess!—She was a simpleton. Become a throne!—She could not sit upon a chair. The charm was broken. The application we need hardly make. There may be certain uncultivated men of genius on whom it is possible to practise a like malicious kindness.

We would rather preface our notice of the life and works of Andersen, by a motto taken from our own countryman Blake, artist and poet, and a man of somewhat kindred nature:—\*

"Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me—

'Pipe a song about a lamb;'  
So I piped with merry cheer.

\* See Allan Cunningham's *Lives of the Painters and Sculptors*, Vol. II., p. 150.

children. For certain reasons of her own, she let the duck in to live with them.

"Now the tom-cat was master in the house, and the hen was mistress; and they always said, 'We and the world.' That the duck should have any opinion of its own, they never would allow.

"Can you lay eggs?" asked the hen.

"No!"

"Well, then, hold your tongue."

"Can you put up your back and purr?" said the tom-cat.

"No."

"Well, then, you ought to have no opinion of your own, where sensible people are speaking."

"And the duck sat in the corner, and was very sad; when suddenly it took it into its head to think of the fresh air and the sunshine; and it had such an inordinate longing to swim on the water, that it could not help telling the hen of it.

"What next, I wonder!" said the hen, "you have nothing to do, and so you sit brooding over such fancies. Lay eggs, or purr, and you'll forget them."

"But it is so delightful to swim on the water!" said the duck—"so delightful when it dashes over one's head, and one dives down to the very bottom."

"Well, that must be a fine pleasure," said the hen. "You are crazy, I think. Ask the cat, who is the cleverest man I know, if he would like to swim on the water, or perhaps to dive—to say nothing of myself. Ask our mistress, the old lady, and there is no one in the world cleverer than she is; do you think that she would much like to swim on the water, and for the water to dash over her head?"

"You do not understand me," said the duck.

"Understand, indeed! If we do not understand you, who should? I suppose you won't pretend to be cleverer than the tom-cat, or our mistress, to say nothing of myself? Do not behave in that way, child; but be thankful for all the kindness that has been shown you. Have you not got into a warm room, and have you not the society of persons from whom something is to be learnt? But you are a blockhead, and it is tiresome to have to do with you. You may believe what I say;—I am well disposed towards you;—I tell you what is disagreeable; and it is by that one recognizes one's true friends."

"I think I shall go into the wide world," said the duckling.

"Well then, go!" answered the hen.

"And so the duck went. It swam on the water, it dived down; but was disregarded by every animal on account of its ugliness.

"One evening—the sun was setting most magnificently—there came a whole flock of large beautiful birds out of the bushes. Never had the duck seen any thing so beautiful. They were of a brilliant white, with long, slender necks. They were swans. They uttered a strange note, spread their superb long wings, and flew away from the cold countries (for the winter was setting in) to warmer lands and un-

frozen lakes. They mounted so high, so very high! The little ugly duck felt indescribably; in turned round in the water like a mill-wheel, stretched out its neck toward them, and uttered a cry so loud and strange that it was afraid even of itself. Oh, the beautiful birds! the happy birds! it could not forget them; and when it could see them no longer, it dived down to the very bottom of the water; and when it came up again it was quite beside itself.

"And now it became so cold! But it would be too sad to relate all the suffering and misery which the duckling had to endure through the hard winter. It lay on the moor in the rushes. But when the sun began to shine again more warmly, when the larks sang, and the lovely spring was come, then, all at once, it spread out its wings, and rose in the air. They made a rushing noise louder than formerly, and bore it onwards more vigorously; and before it was well aware of it, it found itself in a garden, where the apple-trees were in blossom, and where the syringas sent forth their fragrance, and their long green branches hung down in the clear stream. Just then three beautiful white swans came out of the thicket. They rustled their feathers, and swam on the water so lightly—oh! so very lightly! The duckling knew the superb creatures, and was seized with a strange feeling of sadness.

"To them will I fly!" said it—"to the royal birds. Though they kill me, I must fly to them!" And it flew into the water, and swam to the magnificent birds, that looked at, and with rustling plumes, sailed towards it.

"Kill me!" said the poor creature, and bowed down its head to the water, and awaited death. But what did it see in the water? It saw beneath it its own likeness; but no longer that of an awkward greyish bird, ugly and displeasing; it was the figure of a swan.

"It is of no consequence being born in a farm-yard, if only it is in a swan's egg."

"The large swans swam beside it, and stroked it with their bills. There were little children running about in the garden; they threw bread into the water, and the youngest cried out, 'There is a new one!' And the other children shouted too, 'Yes, a new one is come!' and they clapped their hands and danced, and ran to tell their father and mother; and they threw bread and cake into the water; and every one said, 'The new one is the best! so young, and so beautiful!'

"Then the young one felt quite ashamed, and hid its head under its wing; it knew not what to do. It was too happy, but yet not proud; for a good heart is never proud. It remembered how it had been persecuted and derided, and now it heard all say it was the most beautiful of birds. And the syringas bent down their branches to it in the water, and the sun shone so lovely and so warm. Then it shook its plumes, the slender neck was lifted up, and, from its very heart, it cried, rejoicingly, 'Never dreamed I of such happiness when I was the little ugly duck.'"

'Piper, pipe that song again! —'  
So I piped — he wept to hear.

'Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer —'  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.

'Piper sit thee down and *write*,  
In a book that all may read.'  
Then he vanished from my sight;  
And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs,  
Every child may joy to hear."

Such was the form under which the muse may be said to have visited and inspired Andersen. He ought to have been exclusively the poet of children and of childhood. He ought never to have seen, or dreamed, of an Apollo six feet high, looking sublime, and sending forth dreadful arrows from the far-resounding bow; he should have looked only to that "child upon the cloud," or rather, he should have seen his little muse as she walks upon the earth — we have her in Gainsborough's picture — with her tattered petticoat, and her bare feet, and her broken pitcher, but looking withal with such a sweet, sad contentedness upon the world, that surely, one thinks, she must have filled that pitcher and drawn the water which she carries — without, however, knowing anything of the matter — from the very well where Truth lies hidden.

We should like to quote at once, before proceeding further, one of Andersen's tales for children. We *will* venture upon an extract. It will at all events be new to our readers, and will be more likely to interest them in the history of its author than any quotation we could make from his more ambitious works. Besides, the story we select will somewhat foreshadow the real history which follows.

A highly respectable matronly duck introduces into the poultry-yard a brood which she has just hatched. She has had a deal of trouble with one egg, much larger than the rest, and which, after all, produced a very "ugly duck," who gives the name, and is the hero of the story.

"So, we are to have this tribe too!" said the other ducks, 'as if there were not enough of us already! And only look how ugly one is! we won't suffer that one here.' And immediately a duck flew at it, and bit it in the neck.

"Let it alone," said the mother; 'it does no one any harm.'

"Yes, but it is so large and strange looking, and therefore it must be teased.'

"These are fine children that the mother has!" said an old duck who belonged to the noblesse, and wore a red rag round its leg. 'All

handsome, except one; it has not turned out well. I wish she could change it.'

"That can't be done, your grace," said the mother; 'besides, if it is not exactly pretty, it is a sweet child, and swims as well as the others, even a little better. I think in growing it will improve. It was long in the egg, and that's the reason it is a little awkward.'

"The others are nice little things," said the old duck; 'now make yourself quite at home here.'

"And so they did. But the poor young duck that had come last out of the shell, and looked so ugly, was bitten, and pecked, and teased by ducks and fowls. 'It's so large!' said they all; and the turkey-cock that had spurs on when he came into the world, and therefore fancied himself an emperor, strutted about like a ship under full sail, went straight up to it, gobbled, and got quite red. The poor little duck hardly knew where to go, or where to stand, it was so sorrowful because it was so ugly and the ridicule of the whole poultry-yard.

"Thus passed the first day, and afterwards it grew worse and worse. The poor duck was hunted about by every one; its brothers and sisters were cross to it, and always said, 'I wish the cat would get you, you frightful creature!' and even its mother said, 'Would you were far from here!' And the ducks bit it and the hens pecked at it, and the girl that fed the poultry kicked it with her foot. So it ran and flew over the hedge.

"On it ran. At last it came to a great moor, where wild ducks lived; here it lay the whole night, and was so tired and melancholy. In the morning up flew the wild-ducks, and saw their new comrade; 'Who are you?' asked they; and our little duck turned on every side, and bowed as well as it could. 'But you are tremendously ugly!' said the wild-ducks. 'However, that is of no consequence to us, if you don't marry into our family.' The poor thing! It certainly never thought of marrying; it only wanted permission to lie among the reeds, and to drink the water of the marsh.

"Bang! bang!" was heard at this moment, and several wild-ducks lay dead amongst the reeds, and the water was as red as blood. There was a great shooting excursion. The sportsmen lay all around the moor; and the blue smoke floated like a cloud through the dark trees, and sank down to the very water; and the dogs splattered about in the marsh — splash! splash! reeds and rushes were waving on all sides; it was a terrible fright for the poor duck.

"At last all was quiet; but the poor little thing did not yet dare to lift up its head; it waited many hours before it looked round, and then hastened away from the moor as quickly as possible. It ran over the fields and meadows, and there was such a wind that it could hardly get along.

"Towards evening, the duck reached a little hut. Here dwelt an old woman, with her tom-cat and her hen; and the cat could put up its back and purr, and the hen could lay eggs, and the old woman loved them both as her very

but as she, good woman, never understood a word of what he said, he learned to meditate in silence. On Sundays he would go out into the woods, accompanied only by his child; then he would sit down, sunk in abstraction and solitary thought, while young Hans gathered flowers or wild strawberries. "I recollect," says the son, in his Autobiography, "that once, as a child, I saw tears in his eyes; and it was when a youth from the grammar-school came to our house to be measured for a new pair of boots, and showed us his books, and told us what he learned. 'That was the path on which I ought to have gone!' said my father; he kissed me passionately, and was silent the whole evening."

There surely went out of the world something still undeveloped in that poor shoemaker. At a subsequent period of the history we find him fairly abandoning his unchosen trade. The name of Napoleon resounded even in Odense—even in Odense could find a heart that is disquieted. He would follow the banner of him who had "opened a career to all the talents." But the regiment in which he enlisted got no further than Holstein. Peace was concluded; he had to return to his native place, and fall back as well as he could into the old routine. His march to Holstein had, however, shaken his health, and he died shortly after his return.

"I was," says our author, "the only child, and was extremely spoilt; but I continually heard my mother say how very much happier I was than she had been, and that I was brought up like a nobleman's child." No nobleman's child could, at all events, be brought up with less restraint, or more completely left to his own fancies. Poor as were his parents, he never felt want; he had no care; he was fed and clothed without any thought on his part; he lived his own dreamy life, nourished by scraps of plays, songs, and all manner of traditionary stories. There was a theatre at Odense, and young Andersen was now and then taken to it by his parents. He himself constructed a puppet-show, and the dressing and drilling of his dolls was for a long time the chief occupation of his life. As he could rarely go to the theatre, he made friends with the man who sold the play-bills, who was charitable enough to give him one. With this upon his knee, he would sit apart and construct a play for himself; putting the *dramatis personæ* into movement as well as he could, and at all events despatching them all at the close; for he had no idea, he tells us, of a tragedy "that had not plenty of dying."

Of what is commonly called education he had little enough. He was sent to a charity-school, where, by a somewhat startling error of the

press, Mrs. Howitt is made to say "he learned only religion, writing, and arithmetic." Of the reading, writing, and arithmetic there taught, he seemed to have gained little; certainly the writing and the arithmetic went on very slowly. To make amends, he used to present his master on his birth-day with a poem and a garland. Both the wreath and the verses seemed to have been but churlishly received, and the last time they were offered, he got scolded for his pains.

It would be difficult, however, to conceive of a life more suitable to the fostering of the imagination than that which little Hans was leading. Besides the play-house, and the scraps of dramas read to him by his father, himself a strange and dreamy man, we catch sight of an old grandmother, she who resided in the lunatic asylum where her husband was confined. Young Hans was occasionally permitted to visit her; and here he was a great favorite with certain old crones, who told him many a marvellous and terrible story. These stories, and the insane figures which he caught sight of around him, operated, he tells us, so powerfully upon his imagination, that when it grew dark he scarcely dared to go out of the house. His own mother was extremely superstitious. When her husband was dying, she sent her son, not to the doctor, but to a wise woman, who, after measuring the boy's arm with woollen thread, and performing some other ceremonies, bade him go home by the river side, "and if he did not see the ghost of his father, he was to be sure that he would not die this time." He did *not* see the ghost of his father—which, considering all things, was rather surprising; but his father died, nevertheless.

After the death of her husband, the mother of Andersen found another object for her affections, for that "heart so full of love." She married again. But the stepfather was "a grave young man, who would have nothing to do with Hans Christian's education;" refused, we presume, all responsibility on so delicate a business. He was still left to himself. He had now grown a tall lad, with long yellow hair, which the sun probably had assisted to dye, as he was accustomed to go bare-headed. He continued to amuse himself with dressing his theatrical puppets. His mother reconciled herself to the occupation, as it formed, she thought, no bad introduction to the trade of a tailor, to which she now destined him. On the other hand, Hans partly reconciled himself to the idea of being a tailor, because he should then have plenty of cloth, of all colors, for his puppets. Meanwhile it was to a very different trade or destiny that these puppets were conducting him.

About this time, not for the money, said the warm-hearted mother, but that the lad, like the

It is not only in writing for children that our author succeeds; but whenever childhood crosses his path, it calls up a true pathos, and the playful tenderness of his nature. The commencement of his serious novels, where he treats of the infancy and boyhood of his heroes, is always interesting. Amongst the translated works of Andersen is one entitled, "A Picture-Book without Pictures." The author describes himself as inhabiting a solitary garret in a large town, where no one knew him, and no friendly face greeted him. One evening, however, he stands at the open casement, and suddenly beholds "the face of an old friend—a round, kind face, looking down on him. It was the moon—the dear old moon! with the same unaltered gleam; just as she appeared when, through the branches of the willows, she used to shine upon him as he sat on the mossy bank beside the river." The moon becomes very sociable, and breaks that long silence which poets have so often celebrated—breaks it, we must confess, to very little purpose. "Sketch what I relate to you," says the moon, "and you will have a pretty picture-book." And accordingly, every visit, she tells him "of one thing or another that she has seen during the past night." One would think that such a sketch-book, or album, as we have here, might easily have been put together without calling in the aid of so sublime a personage. But amongst the pictures that are presented to us, two or three, where the moon has had her eye upon children in their sports or their distresses, took hold of our fancy. Here Andersen is immediately at home. We give one short extract:

"It was but yesternight (said the moon) that I peeped into a small court-yard, enclosed by houses: there was a hen with eleven chickens. A pretty little girl was skipping about. The hen chicked, and, affrighted, spread out her wings over the little ones. Then came the maiden's father, and chid the child; and I passed on, without thinking more of it at the moment.

"This evening—but a few minutes ago—I again peeped into the same yard. All was silent; but soon the little maiden came. She crept cautiously to the hen-house, lifted the latch, and stole gently up to the hen and her chickens. The hen chicked aloud, and they all ran fluttering about: and the little girl ran after them. I saw it plainly, for I peeped in through a chink in the wall. I was vexed with the naughty child, and was glad that the father came and scolded her still more than yesterday, and seized her by the arm. She bent her head back; big tears stood in her blue eyes; she wept. 'I wanted to go in and kiss the hen, and beg her to forgive me for yesterday. But I could not tell it you.' And the father kissed the brow of the innocent child; and I kissed her eyes and her lips."

Our poet (we call him such, though we know

nothing of his verses, for whatever there is of merit in his writings is of the nature of poetry)—our poet of childhood and of poverty, was born at Odense, a town of Funden, one of the green, beech-covered islands of Denmark. It bears the name of the Scandinavian hero, or demigod, Odin; tradition says he lived there. The parents of Andersen were so poor that when they married they had not wherewithal to purchase a bedstead, or at least thought it advisable to make shift by constructing one out of the wooden tressels which a little time before had supported the coffin of some neighbouring count as he lay in state. It still retained a part of the black cloth, and some of the funeral ornaments attached to it, when in the year 1805 there lay upon it, not in any peculiar state, the solitary fruit of their marriage—the little Hans Christian Andersen. He was a crying infant, and when carried to the baptismal font, sorely vexed the parson with his outcries. "Your young one screams like a cat!" said the reverend official. The mother was hurt at this reflection upon her offspring; but a prophetic god-papa, who stood by, consoled her by saying "that the louder he cried when a child, all the more beautifully would he sing when he grew older."

Those who are disposed to trace an hereditary descent in mental qualifications, will find an instance to their purpose in the case of Andersen. His mother, we are told, was utterly ignorant of books and of the world, "but possessed a heart full of love!" From her he may be said to have derived a singular frankness and amiability of disposition—a fond, open, affectionate temper. For the more intellectual qualities, by which this temper, through the medium of authorship, was to become patent to the world, he must have been indebted to his father. This poor and hapless shoemaker (such was his trade) seems to have been a singular person. To use a favorite phrase of Napoleon, "he had missed his destiny." His parents had been country people of some substance, but misfortune falling upon misfortune had reduced them to poverty. Finally, the father had become insane; the mother had been glad to obtain a menial situation in the very asylum where her husband was confined; and there was nothing better to be done for the son than to apprentice him to a shoemaker. Some talk there was amongst the neighbours of raising a subscription to send him to the grammar-school, and thus give him a start in life; but it never went beyond talk. A shoemaker he became. But to the leather and the last he never took kindly. He would read what books he could get—Holberg's plays and the Bible—and ponder over them. At first he would make his wife a sharer in his reflections,

rest of the world, might be doing something, Hans was sent for a short interval, to a cloth factory. But it was fated that he should never work. He had a beautiful voice, and could sing. The people at the factory asked him to sing. "He began, and all the looms stood still." He had to sing again and again, whilst the other boys had his work given them to do. He was not long, however, at the factory. The coarse jests and behaviour of its inmates drove out the shy and solitary boy.

And now came the crisis. He would go forth into the world. He would be famous. All his early aspirations for distinction and celebrity had become, as might be expected, associated with the theatre. But as yet he had not the least idea in what department he was to excel — whether as actor or poet, dancer or singer — or rather he seems to have thought himself capable of success in them all. The passion for fame, or rather for distinction, had been awakened before the passion for any particular art. All he knew was, that he was to be a celebrated man; by what sort of labor, what kind of performance, he had no conception. Indeed, the remarkable performance, the work to done, was not the most essential thing in his calculation. "People suffer a deal of adversity, and then they become famous." It was thus he explained the matter to himself. He was on the right road, at all events, for the adversity.

We must relate his going forth in his own words. Never, surely, on the part of all the actors in it, was there a scene of such singular simplicity.

"My mother said that I must be confirmed, in order that I might be apprenticed to the tailor trade, and thus do something rational. She loved me with her whole heart, but she did not understand my impulses and my endeavours; nor, indeed, at that time did I myself. The people about her always spoke against my odd ways, and turned me into ridicule. (They only saw the ugly duckling in the young swan.)

"We belonged to the parish of St. Knud, and the candidates for confirmation could either enter their names with the provost or with the chaplain. The children of the so-called superior families, and the scholars of the grammar-school, went to the first, and the children of the poor to the second. I, however, announced myself as a candidate to the provost, who was obliged to receive me, although he discovered vanity in my placing myself among his catechists, where, although taking the lowest place, I was still above those who were under the care of the chaplain. I would, however, hope that it was not alone vanity that impelled me. I had a sort of fear of the poor boys, who had laughed at me, and I always felt as it were an inward drawing towards the scholars of the grammar-school, whom I regarded as far better than other boys. When

I saw them playing in the church-yard, I would stand outside the railings, and wish that I were but among the fortunate ones — not for the sake of the play, but for the many books they had, and for what they might be able to become in the world.

"An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great coat into a confirmation suit for me. Never before had I worn so good a coat. I had also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that every body would not see them, and therefore I drew them over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me, for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed. I was aware of it; and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots as with God. I prayed him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought upon my new boots.

"During the last year I had saved together a little sum of money. When I counted it over, I found it to be thirteen rix-dollars banco (about thirty shillings). I was quite overjoyed at the possession of so much wealth; and as my mother now most resolutely required that I should be apprenticed to a tailor, I prayed and besought her that I might make a journey to Copenhagen, that I might see the greatest city in the world.

"What wilt thou do there?" asked my mother.

"I will become famous," returned I; and I then told her all that I had read about extraordinary men. "People have," said I, "at first an immense deal of adversity to go through, and then they will be famous."

"It was a wholly unintelligible impulse that guided me. I wept and prayed; and at last my mother consented, after having first sent for a so-called wise woman out of the hospital, that she might read my future fortune by the coffee-grounds and cards.

"Your son will become a great man," said the old woman; "and in honor of him all Odense will one day be illuminated."

"My mother wept when she heard that; and I obtained permission to travel." — (P. 27.)

So, at the age of fourteen, with thirty shillings in his pocket, and his idea of becoming famous by going through a deal of adversity, he comes to Copenhagen — the Paris, the more than the Paris, of Denmark — for, in respect to all that a great town collects or fosters, Copenhagen is literally Denmark. There never was a stranger history than this of young Andersen's. It is more like a dream than a life; — it is like one of his own tales for children, where the rigid laws of probability are dispensed with in favor of a quite free and rapid invention. The theatre is his point of attraction; but he has by no means determined in what department, or under what form, his universal genius shall make its appearance. He will first try dancing. He had heard

of a celebrated *danseuse*, a Madame Schall. To her he goes with a letter of introduction, which he had coaxed out of an old printer in Odense, who, though he protested he did not know the lady, was still prevailed upon to write the letter. Dressed in his confirmation suit, a broad hat upon his head, his boots, we may be sure, not forgotten, which were worn, however, this time, under the trousers, he finds out the residence of Madame Schall, rings at the bell, and is admitted. "She looked at me with great amazement," writes our author, "and then heard what I had to say. She had not the slightest knowledge of him from whom the letter came, and my whole appearance and behaviour seemed very strange to her. I confessed to her my heartfelt inclination for the theatre; and upon her asking me what character I thought I could represent, I replied, Cinderella. This piece had been performed in Odense by the royal company; and the principal character had so taken my fancy, that I could play the part perfectly from memory. In the meantime I asked her permission to take off my boots, otherwise I was not light enough for this character; and then, taking up my broad hat for a tambourine, I began to dance and sing—

'Here below nor rank nor riches  
Are exempt from pain and woe.'

My strange gestures and my great activity caused the lady to think me out of my mind, and she lost no time in getting rid of me."

We should think so. Only imagine some wild colt of a boy, one of those young Savoyards, for instance, who are in the habit of dancing round the organ they are grinding, apparently to convince the world how sprightly the tune is—imagine a genius of this natural description introducing himself into the drawing-room of a Taglioni or an Elssler, and commencing forthwith, "with great activity," to give a specimen of his talent! Just such as this must have been the part which young Andersen performed in the saloon of Madame Schall.

As the dancing does not succeed, he next offers himself as an actor—proceeding, quite as a matter of course, to the manager of a theatre, to ask for an engagement. The manager was facetious—said he was "too thin for the theatre." Hans would be facetious too. "Oh," he replied, "if you will but engage me at one hundred rix-dollars banco salary, I shall soon get fat." Then the manager looked grave, and bade him go his way, adding, that he engaged only people of education.

But he had many strings to his bow;—he could sing. It was at the opera, evidently, that he was destined to become famous. Here he met with what for a moment looked like success.

A voice he certainly possessed, though uncultivated; and Seboni, the director of the Academy of Music, promised to procure instruction for him. But a short time afterwards he lost his voice, through insufficient clothing, as he thinks, and bad shoe-leather. (Those boots could not be new always; doubtless got sadly worn tramping through the streets of Copenhagen.) Seboni dropped his *protégé*, counselled him to go back to Odense, and learn a trade.

As well learn a trade in Copenhagen, if it was to come to that. He still stayed in the capital, and still lingered round the theatre, sometimes getting a lesson in recitation, and sometimes one in dancing, and overjoyed if only as one of a crowd of masked people, he could stand before the scenes. There never surely was so irrepressible a vanity combined with so sensitive a temperament; never so strong an impulse for distinction accompanied with such vague notions of the means to attain it. At this period of his life his utter childishness, his affectionate simplicity, his superstition, his unconquerable vanity, present a picture quite unexampled in all biographies we have ever read. He has to make a bargain with an old woman (no better than she should be), for his board and lodging. She had left the room for a short time; there was in it a portrait of her deceased husband. "I was so much a child," he says, "that, as the tears rolled down my own cheeks, I wetted the eyes of the portrait with my tears, in order that the dead man might feel how troubled I was, and influence the heart of his wife."

Great as is his susceptibility to ridicule, his vanity is always greater, can surmount it, and find a gratification where a sterner nature would have felt only mortification. In a scene of an opera where a crowd is to be represented, he edges himself upon the stage. He is very conscious of the ill condition of his attire; the confirmation coat did but just hold together; and he did not dare to hold himself upright lest he should exhibit the more plainly the shortness of the waistcoat which he had outgrown. He had the feeling very plainly that people would be making themselves merry with him; yet at this moment he says, "he felt nothing but the happiness of stepping for the first time before the foot-lamps."

Of his superstition he records the following amusing instance. "I had the notion that as it went with me on New Year's Day, so would it go with me through the whole year; and my highest wishes were to obtain a part in a play. It was now New Year's Day. The theatre was closed, and only a half-blind porter sat at the entrance to the stage, on which there was not a soul. I stole past him with a beating heart, got between the movable scenes and the curtain,

and advanced to the open part of the stage. Here I fell down upon my knees, but not a single verse for declamation could I recall to my memory. I then said aloud the Lord's Prayer. I went out with the persuasion that, because I had spoken from the stage on New Year's Day, I should, in the course of the year, succeed in speaking still more, as well as in having a part assigned to me." — (P. 50.)

We must quote the paragraph that immediately follows this extract, because it shows that, after all, there was something better stirring at his heart, than this vague theatrical ambition, this empty vanity. There was the love of nature there. "During the two years of my residence in Copenhagen, I had never been out into the open country. Once only had I been in the park, and there I had been deeply engrossed by studying the diversions of the people, and their gay tumult. In the spring of the third year, I went out for the first time amid the verdure of a spring morning. I stood still, suddenly, under the first large budding beech-tree. The sun made the leaves transparent — there was a fragrance, a freshness — the birds sang. I was overcome by it — I shouted aloud for joy, threw my arms around the tree, and kissed it. 'Is he mad?' said a man close behind me."

His good fortune provided him at length with a sincere and serviceable friend in the person of Collins — conference councillor, as his title runs, and one of the most influential men at that time in Denmark. Through his means a grant was obtained from the royal purse, and access procured to something like regular education in the grammar-school at Slagelse. His place in the school was in the lowest class, amongst little boys. He knew, indeed, nothing at all — nothing of what is taught by the pedagogue. At the age of eighteen, after having written a tragedy, which had been submitted to the theatre at Copenhagen, and we know not what poems besides — after having versified a dance, and recited a song, he begins at the very beginning, and seats himself down in the lowest form of a grammar-school.

It is not our intention to pursue the biography of Andersen beyond what is necessary for understanding the singular circumstances in which his mind grew up; we shall not, therefore, detain our readers much longer on this part of our subject. His scholastic progress appears to have been at first slow and painful; the rector of the grammar-school behaved neither kindly nor generously towards him; and on him he afterwards took his revenge in the character of Habbas Dahdah, in 'The Improvisatore.' But he was docile, he was persevering, and passed through the school, and afterwards the college,

not discreditably. In 1829, he was launched again into the world, a member of the educated class of society.

After supporting himself some time by his pen, he received from his government a stipend for travelling, which, it appears, in Denmark is bestowed on young poets as well as artists. And now he started on his travels — evidently the best school of education for a mind like his. For whatever use books may have been of to Andersen, in teaching him to *write*, they have had nothing to do with teaching him to *think*. No one portion of his writings of any value can be traced to his acquaintance with books. What knowledge he got from this source he could never rightly use. What his eye saw, what his heart felt — that alone he could work with. The slowly won reflection, the linked thought — any thing like a train of reasoning, seems to have been an utter stranger to his mind. Throughout his life, he is an observant child. From books he can gather nothing; severe analytic thinking he knows nothing of; he must see the world, must hear people talk, must remember how his own heart beat, and thus only can he find something for utterance.

What a change now in his destiny! The poor shoemaker's child, that wandered wild in the woods of Odense, and afterwards wandered almost as wild and as solitary in the streets of Copenhagen — who was next imprisoned in a school with dictionary and grammar — is now free again — may wander with wider range of vision — is a traveller — and in Italy! But the sensitive temper of Andersen, we are afraid, hardly permitted him to enjoy, as he might have done, his full cup of happiness. Vanity is an unquiet companion; he should have left it behind him, at home; then the little piece of malice which he records of one of his friends would not have disturbed him as it appears to have done.

"During my journey to Paris, and the whole month that I spent there, I heard not a single word from home. Could it be that my friends had nothing agreeable to tell me? At length, however, a letter arrived; a large letter, which cost a large sum in postage. My heart beat with joy, and yearning impatience; it was indeed my first letter. I opened it, but I discovered not a single written word — nothing but a Copenhagen newspaper, containing a lampoon upon me, and that was sent to me all that distance, with postage unpaid, probably, by the anonymous writer himself. This abominable malice wounded me deeply. I have never discovered who the author was; perhaps he was one of those who afterwards called me friend, and pressed my hand. Some men have base thoughts; I also have mine."

Poor Andersen has all his life long been sorely plagued by his critics. Those who peruse his Autobiography to the close, and every part of it is worth reading, will find him in violent ill humor with the theatrical public, whom he describes as taking a malicious and diabolical pleasure in damning plays. To hiss down a piece, he declares, is one of the chief amusements that fill the house. "Five minutes is the usual time, and the whistles resound, and the lovely women smile, and felicitate themselves, like the Spanish ladies at their bloody bull-fights." His second journey into Italy seems to have been in part occasioned by some quarrel with the theatre. "If I would represent this portion of my life more clearly and reflectively, it would require me to penetrate into the mysteries of the theatre, to analyze our æsthetic cliques, and to drag into conspicuous notice many individuals who do not belong to publicity; many persons in my place would, like me, have fallen ill, or would have resented it vehemently. Perhaps the latter would have been the most sensible."

Oh no! Hans Christian—by no means the most sensible. Better even to have fallen ill. An author by his quarrel with the public, whether the reading or theatrical public, can gain nothing for himself but added torment. The more vehemently he contests and resents, the louder is the laugh against him. Whether the right is upon his side, time alone can show; time alone can redress his wrongs. When the poet has written his best, he has done all his part. If he cannot feel perfectly tranquil as to the result, let him at least affect tranquillity—let him be silent, and silence will soon bring that peace it typifies.

Henceforward, however, upon the whole, the career of Andersen is prosperous, and his life genial. We find him in friendly intercourse with the best spirits of the age. The lad who walked about Odense with long yellow locks, bare-headed, and bare-footed, and who was half reconciled to being a tailor's apprentice, because he should get plenty of remnants to dress his puppets with—is seen spending the evening with the royal family of Denmark, or dining with the King of Prussia, who decorates him with his order of the Red Eagle! He has exemplified his text—"people have a deal of adversity to go through, and then they become famous."

Those who have read 'The Improvisatore,' the most ambitious of the works of Andersen, and by far the most meritorious of his novels, will now directly recognize the materials of which it has been constructed. His own early career, and his travels into Italy, have been woven together in the story of Antonio. So far

from censuring him—as some of his Copenhagen critics appear to have done—for describing himself and the scenes he beheld, we are only surprised, when we read 'The True Story of his Life,' that he has not been able to employ in a still more striking manner, the experience of his singular career. But, as we have already observed, he betrays no habit or power of mental analysis; he has not that introspection which, in the phrase of our poet Daniel, "raises a man above himself;" so that Andersen might contemplate Andersen, and combine the impartial scrutiny of a spectator with the thorough knowledge which self can only have of self. So far from censuring him for the frequent use he makes of the materials which his own life and travels afforded him, we could wish that he had never attempted to employ any other. Throughout his novels, whenever he departs from these, he is either common-place or extravagant,—or both together, which, in our days, is very possible. If he imitates other writers, it is always their worst manner that he contrives to seize; if he adopts the worn-out resources of preceding novelists, it is always (and in this he may be doing good service) to render them still more palpably absurd and ridiculous than they were before. He has dreams in plenty—his heroes are always dreaming; he has fevered descriptions of the over-excited imagination—a very favorite resource of modern novelists; he has his moral enigmas; and of course he has a witch (Fulvia), who tells fortunes and reads futurity, and reads it correctly, let philosophy or common sense say what it will. His Fulvia affords his readers one gratification; they find her fairly hanged at the end of the book.

We are far enough from attempting to give an outline of the story of this or any other novel—such skeletons are not attractive; but the extracts, and the observations we have to make, will best be understood by entering a few steps into the narrative.

Antonio, the Improvisatore, is born in Rome, of poor parents. He is introduced to us as a child, living with his fond mother, his only surviving parent, in a room, or rather a loft, in the roof of a house. She is accidentally run over and killed by a nobleman's carriage. A certain uncle Peppo, a cripple and a beggar, claims guardianship of the orphan. Of this Peppo we have a most unamiable portrait. His withered legs are fastened to a board, and he shuffles himself along with his hands, which were armed with a pair of wooden hand-clogs. He used to sit upon the steps of the Piazza de Spagna. "Once I was witness," says the Improvisatore, who tells his own story, "of a scene which

awoke in me fear of him, and also exhibited his own disposition. Upon one of the lowest flights of stairs sat an old blind beggar, and rattled with his little leaden box, that people might drop a *bajocco* therein. Many people passed by my uncle without noticing his crafty smile and the wavings of his hat; the blind man gained more by his silence—they gave to him. Three had gone by, and now came the fourth, and threw him a small coin. Peppo could no longer contain himself; I saw how he crept down like a snake, and struck the blind man in his face, so that he lost both money and stick. ‘Thou thief!’ cried my uncle, ‘wilt thou steal money from me—thou who are not even a regular cripple—cannot see—that is all! And so he will take my bread from my mouth.’”

On great occasions Peppo could quit his board and straddle upon an ass. And now he came upon his ass, set Antonio before him, and carried him off to his own home or den. The boy was put into a small recess contiguous to the apartment which his uncle occupied with some of his guests. He overheard this conversation: “Can the boy do any thing?” asked one; “Has he any sort of hurt?”

“No; the Madonna has not been so kind to him,” said Peppo; “he is slender and well formed, like a nobleman’s child.”

“That is a great misfortune,” said they all; and some suggestions were added, that he could have some little hurt to help him to get his earthly bread until the Madonna gave him the heavenly. Conversations such as this filled him with alarm; he crept through the aperture which served for window to his dormitory; slid down the wall, and made his escape. He ran as fast as he could, and found himself at length in the Coliseum.

Antonio, at this time, is a poor boy, about nine or ten years old; we have seen from what sort of guardian the terrified lad was making his escape. Now, observe the exquisite appropriateness, taste, and judgment of what follows. It is precisely here that the author makes parade of the knowledge he has lately gained in the grammar-school of Slagelse—precisely here that he throws his Antonio into a classical dream or vision!

“Behind one of the many wooden altars which stand not far apart within the ruins, and indicate the resting-points of the Saviour’s progress to the cross, \* I seated myself upon a fallen cap-

\* Not very clearly expressed by the translator. One would think that our Saviour, in his progress to the cross, had passed through the area of the Coliseum, and not that each of the pictures on these altars represented one of the resting-points, &c. Mrs. Howitt is somewhat hasty and careless in her writing. And

ital, which lay in the grass. The stone was as cold as ice, my head burned, there was fever in my blood; I could not sleep, and there occurred to my mind all that people had related to me of this old building; of the captive Jews who had been made to raise these huge blocks of stone for the mighty Roman Cæsar; of the wild beasts which, within this space, had fought with each other, nay, even with men also, while the people sat upon stone benches, which ascended step-like from the ground to the loftiest colonnade.

“There was a rustling in the bushes above me; I looked up, and fancied that I saw something moving. Oh, yes! my imagination showed to me pale dark shapes, which hewed and builded around me; I heard distinctly every stroke that fell, saw the meagre black-bearded Jews tear away grass and shrubs to pile stone upon stone, till the whole monstrous building stood there newly erected; and now all was one throng of human beings, head above head, and the whole seemed one infinitely vast living giant body.

“I saw the vestals in their long white garments; the magnificent court of the Cæsars; the naked, bleeding gladiators; then I heard how there was a roaring and a howling round about, in the lowest colonnades; from various sides sprang in whole herds of tigers and hyænas; they sped close past the spot where I lay; I felt their burning breath; saw their red fiery glances, and held myself fast upon the stone upon which I was seated, whilst I prayed the Madonna to save me. But wilder still grew the tumult around me; yet I could see in the midst of all the holy cross as it still stands, and which, whenever I had passed it, I had piously kissed. I exerted all my strength, and perceived distinctly that I had thrown my arms around it; but every thing that surrounded me trembled violently together—walls, men, beasts. Consciousness had left me; I perceived nothing more. When I again opened my eyes, my fever was over.”

Sadder trash than this it were almost impossible to write. It is necessary to make some quotations to justify the terms of censure, as well as of praise, which we have bestowed upon Andersen; but our readers will willingly excuse the infliction of many such quotations; they might be made abundantly enough, we can assure them.

On awaking from this vision, Antonio finds himself in the presence of some worthy monks. They take charge of him, and ultimately give him over to the protection of an old woman, a relative, Dominica, who is living the most solitary life imaginable, in one of the tombs of the Campagna. Here there is a striking picture presented to the imagination—of the old woman and

why does she employ such expressions as these:—“a many white buttons,” “beside of it,” “beside of us?” We have read a *many* English books, but never met them in any one beside of this.

the little boy, shut up in the ruined tomb, in the almost tropical heat, or the heavy rains that visit the Campagna. He who erewhile had visions of vestals and captive Jews, Cæsar and the gladiators, is more naturally represented as amusing himself by floating sticks and reeds upon the little canal dug to carry the water from their dwelling;—"they were his boats which were to sail to Rome."

One day a young nobleman, pursued by an enraged buffalo, takes refuge in this tomb, and thus becomes acquainted with Antonio. He is a member of the Borghese family, and proves to be the very nobleman whose carriage had accidentally occasioned the death of his mother. Antonio becomes the protégé of the Borghese, returns to Rome, receives an education, and is raised to the high and cultivated ranks of society. He is put under the learned disciple of Habbas Dahdah—an excellent name, we confess, for a fool—in whose person, we presume, he takes a sly revenge upon his late rector of Sligelse. But he has not been fortunate in the invention of parallel absurdities in his Italian pedagogue to those which he may have remembered of some German prototype. He describes him as animated with a sort of insane aversion to the poet Dante, whom he decries on every occasion, in order to exalt Petrarch. A Habbas Dahdah would be much more likely to feign an excessive admiration for the idol and glory of Italy. However, his pupil stealthily procures a Dante; reads him, of course *dreams* of him; in short, there is an intolerable farrago about the great poet.

But the time now comes when the great business of all novels—love—is brought upon the scene. And here we have an observation to make which we think may be deserving of attention.

Antonio, the Improvisatore, is made, in the novel, to love in the strangest fashion imaginable. He loves and he does not love; he never knows himself, nor the reader either, whether, or with whom, to pronounce him in love. Annunciata, the first object of this uncertain passion, behaves herself, it must be confessed, in a very extraordinary manner. We suppose the exigencies of the novel must excuse her; it was necessary that her lover should be plunged in despair, and therefore she could not be permitted to behave as any other woman would have done in the same circumstances. She has a real affection for Antonio; yet at the critical moment—the last moment he will be able to learn the truth, the last time he will see her, unless her response be favorable—she behaves in such a manner as to lead him inevitably to the conclusion that his rival is preferred to him.

This Annunciata, the most celebrated singer of her day, loses her voice, loses her beauty,—a fever deprives her of both;—and not till her death does Antonio learn that he, and not another, was the person really beloved. Meanwhile, in his travels, Antonio meets with a blind girl, whom he does or does not love, on whom at least he poetizes, and whose forehead, *because she was blind*, he had kissed. He is afterwards introduced, at Venice, to a young lady, (Maria), who bears a striking resemblance to this blind girl. She is, in fact, the same person, restored to sight, though he is not aware of it. Maria loves the Improvisatore; he says, he believes that his affection is *not* love. He quits Venice—he returns—he is ill. Then follows one of those miserable scenes which novelists will inflict upon us—of dream, or delirium—what you will,—and, in this state, he fancies Maria is dead; he finds then that he really loved; and, in his sleep or trance, he expresses aloud his affection. His declaration is overheard by Maria and her sister, who are watching over his couch. He wakes, and Maria is there, alive before him. In his sleep he has become aware of the true condition of his own heart; nay, he has leapt the Rubicon,—he has declared it. He becomes a married man.

Now, in the confused and contradictory account of Antonio's passion, we see a truth which the author drew from his own nature and experience,—a truth which, if he had fully appreciated, or had manfully adhered to, would have enabled him to draw a striking, consistent, and original portrait. In such natures as Andersen's, there is often found a modesty more than a woman's, combined with a vivid feeling of beauty, and a yearning for affection. Modesty is no exclusive property of the female sex, and there may be so much of it in a youth as to be the impediment, perhaps the unconscious impediment, to all the natural outpouring of his heart. The coyness of the virgin, the suitor, by his prayers and wooing, does all he can to overcome; but here the coyness is in the suitor himself. He has to overcome it by himself, and he cannot. He hardly knows the sort of enemy he has to conquer. Every woman seems to him enclosed in a bell-glass, fine as gossamer, but he cannot break it. He feels himself drawn, but he cannot approach. His heart is yearning; yet he says to himself, no, I do not love. A looker-on calls him inconstant, uncertain, capricious. He is not so; he is bound by viewless fetters, nor does he know where to strike the chain that is coiled around him.

Such was the truth, we apprehend, such the character, that Andersen had indistinctly in view. He drew from himself, but he had not

previously analyzed that self. It is, therefore, not so much a false as a confused and imperfect representation that he has given, which the reader, if he thinks it worth his while, must explain and complete for himself. Perhaps, too, a fear of the ridicule which an exhibition of modesty in man might draw down from certain slender wittings, from the young gentlemen, or even the young ladies, of Copenhagen, may have, in part, deterred him from a faithful portraiture. To people of reflection, who have learned to estimate at its true value the laugh of coxcombs, and the wisdom of the so-called man of the world—the shallowest bird of passage that we know of—such a portrait would have been attractive for the genuine truth it contains. It would require, indeed, a master's hand to deal both well and honestly with it.

The descriptions of Italy which 'The Improvisatore' contains are sufficiently striking and faithful to recall the scenes to those who have visited them; which is all, we believe, the best descriptions can effect. What is absolutely new to a reader cannot be described to him. If all the poets and romancers of England were to unite together in a committee of taste, they could not frame a description which would give the effect of mountainous scenery to one who had never seen a mountain. The utmost the describer can do, in all such cases, is to liken the scene to something already familiar to the reader's imagination. Though generally faithful, we cannot say that our author never sacrifices accuracy of detail to the demands of the novelist, never sacrifices the actual to the ideal. For instance, his account of the *Miserere* in the Sistine Chapel, is rather what one is willing to anticipate it might be, than what a traveller really finds it. To be sure, he has a right to place his hero of the novel where he pleases in the chapel, relieve him from the crowd, and give him all the advantages of position; still his perfect enjoyment of all that both the arts of painting and music can afford, and that overpowering *sentiment* which he finds in the great picture of the Last Judgment, by Michel Angelo, (a picture which addresses itself far more to the artist than the poet,) strikes us as a description drawn more from imagination than experience.

A little satire upon the travelling English seems, by the way, to be as agreeable at Copenhagen as at Paris. Our Danish friends are quite welcome to it; we only wish for their sakes that, in the present instance, it had been a little more lively and pungent. Our Hans Andersen is too weak in the wrist, has not arm strong enough "to crack the satiric thong." Mere exaggeration may be mere nonsense, and

very dull nonsense. The scene is at the hotel at Terracina, so well known by all travellers.

"The cracking of whips re-echoed from the wall of rocks; a carriage with four horses rolled up to the hotel. Armed servants sat on the seat at the back of the carriage; a pale thin gentleman, wrapped in a large bright-colored dressing-gown, stretched himself within it. The postilion dismounted and cracked his long whip several times, whilst fresh horses were put to. The stranger wished to proceed, but as he desired to have an escort over the mountains, where Fra Diavolo and Cesari had bold descendants, he was obliged to wait a quarter of an hour, and now scolded, half in English and half in Italian, at the people's laziness, and at the torments and sufferings which travellers had to endure; and at length knotted up his pocket-handkerchief into a night-cap, which he drew on his head, and then, throwing himself into a corner of the carriage, closed his eyes, and seemed to resign himself to his fate.

"I perceived that it was an Englishman, who already, in ten days, had travelled through the north and the middle of Italy, and in that time had made himself acquainted with this country; had seen Rome in one day, and was now going to Naples, to ascend Vesuvius, and then by the steam-vessel to Marseilles, to gain a knowledge also of the south of France, which he hoped to do in a still shorter time. At length eight well-armed horsemen arrived, the postilion cracked his whip, and the carriage and the out-riders vanished through the gate between the tall yellow rocks."—(Vol. ii. p. 6.)

'Only a Fiddler' proceeds, in part, on the same plan as 'The Improvisatore.' Here, too, the author has drawn from his own early experience; here, too, we have a poor lad of genius, who will "go through an immense deal of adversity, and then become famous;" here, too, we have the little ugly duck, who, however, was born in a swan's egg. The commencement of the novel is pretty, where it treats of the childhood of the hero; but Christian (such is his name) does not win upon our sympathy, and still less upon our respect. We are led to suspect that Christian Andersen himself is naturally deficient in certain elements of character, or he he would have better upheld the dignity of his namesake, whom he has certainly no desire to lower in our esteem. With an egregious passion for distinction, a great vanity, in short, we are afraid that he himself (judging from some passages in his Autobiography) hardly possesses a proper degree of pride, or the due feeling of self-respect. The Christian in the novel is the butt and laughing-stock of a proud, wilful young beauty, of the name of Naomi; yet does he forsake the love of a sweet girl, Lucie, to be the beaten spaniel of this Naomi. He has so little spirit as to take her money and her contempt at the same time.

This self-willed and beautiful Naomi is a well-imagined character, but imperfectly developed. Indeed, the whole novel may be described as a jumble of ill-connected scenes, and of half-drawn characters. We have some sad imitations of the worst models of our current literature. Here is a Norwegian godfather, the blurred likeness of some Parisian murderer. Here are dreams and visions, and plenty of delirium. He has caught the trick, perhaps, from some of our English novelists, of infusing into the persons of his drama all sorts of distorted imaginations, by way of describing the situation he has placed them in. We will quote a passage of this nature: it is just possible that some of our countrymen, when they see their own style reflected back to them from a foreign page, may be able to appreciate its exquisite truth to nature. Christian, still a boy, is at play with his companions; he hides himself from them in the belfry of a church. It was the custom to ring the bells at sunset. He had ensconced himself between the wall and the great bell, and "when this rose, and showed to him the whole opening of its mouth," he found he was within a hair's breadth of contact with it. Retreat was impossible, and the least movement exposed his head to be shattered. The conception is terrible enough, but by no means a novel one, as all readers conversant with the pages of this Magazine will readily allow, by reference to the story of "The Man in the Bell," in our tenth volume, one of the late Dr. Maginn's most powerful and graphic sketches. But the natural horror of the situation by no means satisfies this novelist; he therefore engrafts the following imaginations thereupon, as being such as were most likely to occur to the lad, frightened out of his senses, stunned by the roar of the bell, winking hard, and pressing himself closer and closer to the wall to escape the threatened blow.

"Overpowered to his very inmost soul by the most fearful anguish, the bell appeared to him the jaws of some immense serpent; the clapper was the poisonous tongue, which it extended towards him. Confused imaginations pressed upon him; feelings similar to the anguish which he felt when the godfather had dived with him beneath the water, took possession of him; but here it roared far stronger in his ears, and the changing colors before his eyes formed themselves into gray figures. The old pictures in the castle floated before him, but with threatening mein and gestures, and ever-changing forms; now long and angular, again jelly-like, clear, and trembling; they clashed symbols and beat drums, and then suddenly passed away into that fiery glow in which every thing had appeared to him, when, with Naomi, he looked through the red window panes. It burned, that he felt plainly. He swam through a burning sea, and ever did the serpent exhibit to him its fearful jaws. An

irresistible desire seized him to take hold on the clapper with both hands, when suddenly it became calm around him, but it still raged within his brain. He felt that all his clothes clung to him, and that his hands seemed fastened to the wall. Before him hung the serpent's head, dead and bowed; the bell was silent. He closed his eyes and felt that he fell asleep. He had fainted."—(Vol. i., p. 59.)

Are these some of the "beautiful thoughts" which Mrs. Howitt finds it the greatest delight of her literary life to translate? One is a little curious to know how far this beauty has been increased or diminished by their admiring translator; but unfortunately we can boast no Scandinavian scholarship. This novel, however, is not without some striking passages, whether of description of natural scenery, or of human life. Of these, the little episode of the fate of Steffen-Margaret recurs most vividly to our recollection. Mrs. Howitt, in her translation of "The True Story of my Life," draws our attention, in a note, to this character of Steffen-Margaret, informing us that it is the reproduction of a personage whom Andersen becomes slightly acquainted with in the early part of his career. She thus points out a striking passage in the novel; but the translator of the Autobiography and of "Only a Fiddler," might have found more natural opportunities for illustrating the connection between the novel and the life of the author. There is no resemblance whatever between the two characters alluded to, except that they both belong to the same unfortunate class of society. Of the young girl mentioned in the life, nothing indeed is said, except that she received once a week a visit from her papa, who came to drink tea with her, dressed always in a shabby blue coat; and the point of the story is, that in after times, when Andersen rose into a far different rank of society, he encountered in some fashionable saloon the papa of the shabby blue coat in a bland old gentleman glittering with orders.

Christian, the hero of the novel, a lad utterly ignorant of life, has come for the first time to Copenhagen. Whilst the ship in which he has arrived is at anchor in the port, it is visited by some ladies, one of whom particularly fascinates him. She must be a princess, or something of that kind, if not a species of angel. The next day he finds out her residence, sees her, tells her all his history, all his inspirations, all his hopes; he is sure that he has found a kind and powerful patroness. The lady smiles at him, and dismisses him with some cakes and sweetmeats, and kindly taps him upon the head. This is just what Andersen at the same age would have done himself, and just in this manner would he have been dismissed and comforted. There is a scene in the Autobiography very similar.

He explains to some kind old dames, whom he encounters at the theatre, his thwarted aspirations after art; they give him cakes;—he tells them again of his impulses, and that he is dying to be famous; they give him more cakes;—he eats and is pacified.

The ship, however, had not been long in the harbour before his princess visited it again. It was evening—Christian was alone in the cabin.

"He was most strangely affected as he heard at this moment a voice on the cabin steps, which was just like hers. She, perhaps, would already present herself as a powerful fairy to conduct him to happiness. He would have rushed towards her, but she came not alone; a sailor accompanied her, and inquired aloud, on entering, if there were any one there. But a strange feeling of distress fettered Christian's tongue, and he remained silent.

"What have you got to say to me?" asked the sailor.

"Save me!" was the first word which Christian heard from her lips in the cabin; she whom he had regarded as a rich and noble lady. "I am sunk in shame!" said she. "No one esteems me; I no longer esteem myself. Oh, save me, Sören! I have honestly divided my money with you; I yet am possessed of forty dollars. Marry me, and take me away out of this woe, and out of this misery! Take me to a place where nobody will know me, where you may not be ashamed of me. I will work for you like a slave, till the blood comes out at my finger-ends. Oh, take me away with you! In a year's time it may be too late."

"Should I take you to my old father and mother?" said the sailor.

"I will kiss the dust from their feet; they may beat me, and I will bear it without a murmur;—I will patiently bear every blow. I am already old, that I know. I shall soon be eight-and-twenty. But it is an act of mercy which I beseech of you. If you will not do it, nobody else will; and I think I must drink, till my brain reels, and I forget what I have made myself!"

"Is that the very important thing that you have got to tell me?" remarked the sailor, with a cold indifference.

"Her tears, her sighs, her words of despair, sank deep into Christian's heart. A visionary image had vanished, and with its vanishing he saw the dark side of a naked reality.

"He found himself again alone.

"A few days after this, the ice had to be hewed away from the channel. Christian and the sailor struck their axes deeply into the firm ice, so that it broke into great pieces. Something white hung fast to the ice in the opening; the sailor enlarged the opening, and then a female corpse presented itself, dressed in white as for a ball. She had amber beads round her neck, gold ear-rings, and she held her hands closely folded against her breast as if for prayer. It was Steffen-Margaret."

"O. T." commences in a more lively style

than either of the preceding novels, and soon becomes in fact the duller and most wearisome of the three. During a portion of this novel he seems to have taken for his model of narrative the "*Wilhelm Meister*," of Goethe; but the calm domestic manner which is tolerable in the clear-sighted man, who we know can rise nobly from it when he pleases, accords ill enough with the bewildered, most displeasing, and half intelligible story which Andersen has here to relate.

We have occupied ourselves quite sufficiently with these novels, and shall pass over "*O. T.*" without further comment. Neither shall we bestow any of our space upon "*The Poet's Bazaar*," which seems to be nothing else than the *Journal* which the author may be supposed to have kept during his second visit to Italy, when he also extended his travels into Greece and Constantinople.

We take refuge in the nursery—we will listen to these tales for children—we throw away the rigid pen of criticism—we will have a story.

What precisely are the laws, what the critical rules, on which tales for children should be written, we will by no means undertake to define. Are they to contain nothing, in language or significance, beyond the apprehension of the inmates of the nursery? It is a question which we will not pretend to answer. Aristotle lays down nothing on the subject in his "*Poetici*;" nor Mr. Dunlop in his "*History of Fiction*." If this be the law, if every thing must be level to the understanding of the frock and trousers population, then these, and many other Tales for Children, transgress against the first rule of their construction. How often does the story turn, like the novels for elder people, upon a marriage! Some king's son in disguise marries the beautiful princess. What idea has a child of marriage?—unless the sugared plum-cake distributed on such occasions comes in aid of his imagination. Marriage, to the infantine intelligence, must mean fine dresses, and infinite sweetmeats—a sort of juvenile party that is never to break up. Well, and the notion serves to carry on the tale withal. The imagination throws this temporary bridge over the gap, till time and experience supply other architecture. Amongst this collection, is a story in which vast importance is attached to a kiss. What can a curly-headed urchin, who is kissing, or being kissed, all day long, know of the value that may be given to what some versifier calls

"The humid seal of soft affections!"

To our apprehension, it has always appeared that the best books for children were those not written expressly for them, but which, interest-

ing to all readers, happened to fasten peculiarly upon the youthful imagination, — such as “Robinson Crusoe,” the “Arabian Nights,” “Pilgrim’s Progress,” &c. It is quite true that in all these there is much the child does not understand, but where there is something vividly apprehended, there is an additional pleasure procured, and an admirable stimulant, in the endeavour to penetrate the rest. There is all the charm of a riddle combined with all the fascination of a story. Besides, do we not throughout our boyhood and our youth, read with intense interest, and to our great improvement, books which we but partly understand? How much was lost to us of our Milton and our Shakspeare at an age when nevertheless we read them with intense interest and excitement, and therefore, we may be sure, with great profit. Throughout the whole season of our intellectual progress, we are necessarily reading works of which a great part is obscure to us; we get half at one time, and half at another.

Not, by any means, that we intend to say a word against writing books for children; if they are good books we shall read them too. A clever man talking to his child, in the presence of his adult friends, — has it never been remarked, how infinitely amusing he may be, and what an advantage he has from this two-fold audience? He lets loose all his fancy, under pretence that he is talking to a child, and he couples this wildness with all his wit, and point, and shrewdness, because he knows his friend is listening. The child is not a whit the less pleased, because there is something above its comprehension, nor the friend at all the less entertained, because he laughs at what was not intended for his capacity. A writer of children’s tales — (if they are any thing better than what every nursery-maid can invent for herself) — is precisely in this position: he will, he *must* have in view the adult listener. While speaking to the child, he will endeavour to interest the parent who is overhearing him; and thus there may result a very amusing and agreeable composition.

We have met with some children’s tales which we thought were so plainly levelled at the parent, that they seemed little more than lectures to grown-up people in the disguise of stories to their children. Some of the very clever stories of Miss Edgeworth appear to be more evidently designed for the adult listener, than to the little people to whom they are immediately addressed. And they may perhaps render good service in this way. Perhaps some mature matron, far above counsel, may take a hint which she thinks was not *intended* — may accept that piece of good advice which she fancies her own shrewdness has discovered, and which the subtle Miss Edgeworth had laid, like a trap, in her path.

We are happy, we repeat, that we do not feel it incumbent upon us to settle the rules, the critical canon, of this nursery literature. We have no objection, however, to peep into it now and then, and we shall venture to give our readers another of Andersen’s little stories, and so take our leave of him. We omit a sentence, here and there, where we can without injury to the tale; yet we have no fear that our gravest readers will think the extract too long. Our quotation is from the volume called “Tales from Denmark.” There is another collection, called “The Shoes of Fortune;” these are higher in pretension, and inferior in merit.

#### THE EMPEROR’S NEW CLOTHES.

“One day a couple of swindlers, who called themselves first-rate weavers, made their appearance in the imperial town of ——. They pretended that they were able to weave the richest stuffs, in which not only the colors and the pattern were extremely beautiful, but that the clothes made of such stuffs possessed the wonderful property of remaining invisible to him who was unfit for the office he held, or was extremely silly.

“‘What capital clothes they must be!’ thought the Emperor. ‘If I had but such a suit, I could directly find out what people in my empire were not equal to their office; and besides, I should be able to distinguish the clever from the stupid. By Jove, I must have some of this stuff made directly for me!’ And so he ordered large sums of money to be given to the two swindlers, that they might set to work immediately.

“The men erected two looms, and did as if they worked very diligently; but in reality they had got nothing on the loom. They boldly demanded the finest silk, and gold thread, put it all in their own pockets, and worked away at the empty loom till quite late at night.

“‘I should like to know how the two weavers are getting on with my stuff,’ said the Emperor one day to himself; but he was rather embarrassed when he remembered that a silly fellow, or one unfitted for his office, would not be able to see the stuff. ‘Tis true, he thought, as far as regarded himself, there was no risk whatever; but yet he preferred sending some one else, to bring him intelligence of the two weavers, and how they were getting on, before he went himself; for everybody in the whole town had heard of the wonderful property that this stuff was said to possess.

“‘I will send my worthy old minister,’ said the Emperor at last, after much consideration; ‘he will be able to say how the stuff looks better than any body.’

“So the worthy old minister went to the room where the two swindlers were working away with all their might and main. ‘Lord help me!’ thought the old man, opening his eyes as wide as possible — ‘Why, I can’t see the least thing

whatever on the loom.' But he took care not to say so.

"The swindlers, pointing to the empty frame, asked him most politely if the colors were not of great beauty. And the poor old minister looked and looked, and could see nothing whatever. 'Bless me!' thought he to himself, 'Am I, then, really a simpleton? Well, I never thought so. Nobody knows it. I not fit for office! No, nothing on earth shall make me say that I have not seen the stuff!'

"Well, sir,' said one of the swindlers, still working busily at the empty loom, 'you don't say if the stuff pleases you or not.'

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful! the work is admirable!' said the old minister, looking hard through his spectacles. 'This pattern and these colors! Well, well, I shall not fail to tell the Emperor that they are most beautiful!'

"The swindlers then asked for more money, and silk, and gold thread; but they put, as before, all that was given them into their own pocket, and still continued to work with apparent diligence at the empty loom.

"Some time after the Emperor sent another officer to see how the work was getting on. But he fared like the other; he stared at the loom from every side; but as there was nothing there, of course he could see nothing. 'Does the stuff not please you as much as it did the minister?' asked the men, making the same gestures as before, and talking of splendid colors and patterns which did not exist.

"Stupid I certainly am not!' thought the new commissioner; 'then it must be that I am not fitted for my lucrative office — that were a good joke! However, no one dare even suspect such a thing.' And so he began praising the stuff that he could not see, and told the two swindlers how pleased he was to behold such beautiful colors, and such charming patterns. 'Indeed, your majesty,' said he to the Emperor, on his return, 'the stuff which the weavers are making is extraordinarily fine.'

"It was the talk of the whole town.

"The Emperor could no longer restrain his curiosity to see this costly stuff; so, accompanied by a chosen train of courtiers, among whom were the two trusty men who had so admired the work, off he went to the two cunning cheats. As soon as they heard of the Emperor's approach, they began working with all diligence, although there was still not a single thread on the loom.

"Is it not magnificent?' said the two officers of the crown, who had been there before. 'Will your majesty only look? What a charming pattern! What beautiful colors!' said they, pointing to the empty frames, for they thought the others really could see the stuff.

"What's the meaning of this?' said the Emperor to himself. 'I see nothing! Am I a simpleton? I not fit to be Emperor? Oh,' he cried aloud, 'charming! The stuff is really charming! I approve of it highly;' and he smiled graciously, and examined the empty looms minutely. And the whole suite strained

their eyes and cried 'Beautiful!' and counselled his Majesty to have new robes made out of this magnificent stuff for the grand procession that was about to take place. And so it was ordered.

"The day on which the procession was to take place, the two men brought the Emperor's new suit to the palace; they held up their arms as though they had something in their hands, and said, 'Here are your Majesty's knee-breeches; here is the coat, and here the mantle. The whole suit is as light as a cobweb; and when one is dressed, one would almost fancy one had nothing on; but that is just the beauty of this stuff.'

"Of course!' said all the courtiers, although not a single one of them could see any thing of the clothes.

"Will your imperial Majesty most graciously be pleased to undress? We will then try on the new things before the glass.'

"The Emperor allowed himself to be undressed, and then the two cheats did exactly as if each one helped him on with an article of dress, while his Majesty turned himself round on all sides before the mirror.

"The canopy which is to be borne above your Majesty in the procession, is in readiness without,' announced the chief master of the ceremonies.

"I am quite ready,' replied the Emperor, turning round once more before the looking-glass.

"So the Emperor walked on, under the high canopy, through the streets of the metropolis, and all the people in the streets and at the windows cried out, 'Oh, how beautiful the Emperor's new dress is!' In short there was nobody but wished to cheat himself into the belief that he saw the Emperor's new clothes.

"But he has nothing on!' said a little child.

"And then all the people cried out, 'He has nothing on!'

"But the Emperor and the courtiers — they retained their seeming faith, and walked on with great dignity to the close of the procession." — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

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ZINC STATUES. — M. Devarenne, a founder, at Berlin, has received an order from Helsingfors, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Finland, to cast in zinc, for the cathedral of that city, colossal statues of the twelve Apostles, after those sculptured in marble by Thorwaldsen, for the church of our Lady at Copenhagen. Six of them have been cast, and are now to be seen in the studio of M. Devarenne. They are the largest works in zinc ever executed, and are finished in a style of excellence that has obtained the admiration of every artist who has examined them. — *Galignani*.

## A LAWYER'S REMINISCENCES.

"Is there no hope, sir?" said an old, white-headed man, with a feeble, tremulous voice, to the physician, who had just mounted his horse, and was about to turn down the avenue to the high road.

"None!" replied the physician, kindly looking on the questioner; "none, I fear, in this world."

The old domestic uttered a few words in a low voice, raised one hand to his tearful eye, and turned, with faltering step, towards the house.

"And what a cheerless faith is theirs," said the physician inwardly, "who believe there is not a better. If earth had aught of happiness, surely one might have hoped to find it in such a spot."

As he spoke, his eye fell mournfully on the scene before him. He checked his horse for a moment, sighed, and proceeded on his way. And beautiful, in truth, was the spot which he had just quitted.

A cottage, the very model of rustic elegance, over whose light trellis-work the dark foliage of the fragrant clematis hung in rich and heavy masses, relieved by the countless flowers of the creeping rose, crowned the summit of a gentle hill. On the left, in the friendly shelter of a picturesque clump of evergreens, shadowed by a few of the more stalwart children of the forest, was a small but tastefully-disposed flower-garden, and in front a lawn of the brightest verdure descended, with an easy slope, to the broad bosom of the river, beyond which stretched a rich and cultivated plain to the foot of the blue but clearly-defined chain of hills, behind which the sun was hastening to his setting.

The whole scene was one of complete repose; the daily toil of the husbandman had drawn to its termination—the spade and the sickle were laid aside until the morrow—the river was calm as a crystal mirror—the rustle of a leaf, the chirp of a bird, disturbed not the silence—and the distant lowing of some one of the beautiful cattle, chewing the cud in quiet groups through the broad pastures, or gazing on the surface of the stream, solitary and motionless, gave the only indication of life abroad.

A like stillness prevailed within the cottage. The cheerful room, usually occupied by its inmates, was tenantless, the Venetian blinds drawn down, and the air of the apartment itself seemed clearly to indicate that for some days it had not been frequented by its accustomed visitants. What it was, indeed, that would lead one to this conclusion, it might be difficult to say. The furniture was arranged as usual; drawing-portfolios, music, books, were distributed with the

same graceful negligence as on ordinary occasions. Yet the room wore that lonely aspect which told, as if by some hidden sympathy in our nature, that the pulse of human life had not throbbed there lately, and the most careless observer could perceive that the fair being, the evidences of whose refined occupations were on all sides visible, had long neglected them. The spell, beneath whose holy influence, at other times,

"the chamber seemed  
Like some divinely haunted place,  
Where angel forms had lately beamed,

had withdrawn its charm from the silent walls.

One room in the corresponding angle of the building was not thus unoccupied. It was the noiseless bed-chamber of an invalid, the two windows of which commanded the prospect described at the beginning of the narrative. Of one of them the blind was quite down; that of the other partially raised, and the casement open, admitting the fragrance of the air without, while a flood of rich crimson light streamed through it on the opposite wall, on which hung the sword of a British general officer. The chamber had two occupants. In the bed lay one who, notwithstanding his snowy locks rivalled the whiteness of the pillows which they rested on, was plainly of no very advanced age. He certainly had not seen sixty winters, nor did his form seem to have suffered from any lingering malady; but it required no very skilful glance to see that the sand of his existence was nearly run. The deadly paleness which overspread his finely-moulded features, combined with a hectic flush which momentarily displaced it, and the prominence of the deep blue veins that traversed his broad marble forehead, told sufficiently of a disease beyond the healer's art. Beside his pillow sat a fair being, in whose form the light gracefulness of the girl had already given place to the stately beauty of maturer womanhood. Her attitude, as she leaned over the pillow, displayed her finely-proportioned figure in all its loveliness, while her rich dark hair, drawn plainly back from her pure and lofty forehead, showed the profile of a face possessing all the dignity which could be combined with feminine softness, to which the deep blush mantling her entire countenance, and the tears that suffused her clear blue eyes, lent an unwonted tenderness of expression.

She leaned on one hand over the pillow, the other lay clasped in that of the invalid, whose eyes looked steadily into hers, as, with the most supplicating tone and looks, she exclaimed—

"Spare me, dear father, do spare me this. God knows I have had my share of sorrow, and now that I am losing my last, my only comforter, you cannot, with your latest request, pour this bitterness into the cup that I have yet to drink. Think only what you ask of me—to drag before a heartless world, subject to the jest and jibe of every scoffer, the sacred confidences of a love like mine—to have bandied in a public court, every affectionate word, every endearing epithet, which, in the security of a trusting heart, I have lavished on one who ——" (here her eye dilated, and the throbbing veins of her temple swelled almost to bursting)—"has deserted and betrayed me. You cannot," she added, resuming her deprecatory manner, after a moment's pause, and sobbing loudly—"you cannot, surely, ask me this."

The old man trembled violently, paused, compressed his lips, and, with a powerful effort, which all but rent the feeble ties that bound him yet to life, quelled his struggling emotions, and, with calm but emphatic tones replied,

"Emily St. Aubyn, you are my child. You bear a name of which I am the first inheritor who have seen insult flung upon it, and not wiped that insult off with his blood who dared to offer it. There was a time when your father's sword," he added, and a tear trembled in his eyelid, as his glance fell on the scabbard, "would have been enough to avenge your quarrel; it is not now. But, Emily, that name must not be sullied by a slander, on which a stain has never fallen from the act of one who bore it. Your woman's heart may—nay must, shrink from this exposure; but is it, this exhibition of an artless, innocent affection, to be withheld at the cost of a sullied name? No, no, my dear, dear child," said the old man, softening as he proceeded, "for your sake, for the sake of truth and honor, this request I must make of you. Urge me not, Emily, to lay it on you as a dying command."

While her father spoke, a marked change came over Miss St. Aubyn's face; the deep crimson which before had colored it, gave place to a marble whiteness. As he ended she raised her head from the hand which, till now, had supported it, allowing the arm to fall upon the pillow, and, with a strange firmness, said,

"Enough, father; your request is granted; your name shall not be stained through my weakness, cost what it may."

"Emily," said her father, hurriedly, while the hand which held her's relaxed its grasp, "God bless you, my child. I am faint, very, very faint—this painful scene—bring me a glass of water—call"—and, overcome completely, he swooned away before his daughter could raise the draught she had brought him to his lips.

She rang the bell hurriedly, and, alarmed by the violence with which it was pulled, two or three servants hastened to the room, only in time, however, to see their mistress an orphan. General St. Aubyn was no more.

The scenes of the house of mourning shall not be drawn from their sacred concealment by my pen; nor the sorrows of its lovely and heart-broken inmate needlessly dilated on. I willingly drop a veil over the six weary months that followed, to let the reader know something of the previous story of those who have been here introduced to his notice.

General St. Aubyn was the only son of an officer who had served with distinction in the campaigns of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. His family, as the name implies, were, originally, French, and had once ranked amongst the proudest of their native land in possessions and in station. His father, who had married an English lady of considerable fortune, was one of the thousands whom the bursting of the South-Sea bubble had brought from affluence to ruin, and died, shortly after he himself, at the age of eighteen, entered the profession, in which his gallantry rapidly won for him both honors and renown. At the age of thirty he married the mother of Miss St. Aubyn, who brought him no other dowry save (what the world wisely refrains from setting any value on) beauty, accomplishments, and virtue; and, after a few years of unclouded happiness, found himself suddenly bereft of a treasure which that world had nothing to replace. Proud, shy, and sensitive, the loss of his idolized wife would have produced fatal effects on his character, had she not left him a daughter, in whom, thenceforth, were centered the affections which had clung with such fidelity to her. Emily St. Aubyn was little more than two years old when she lost her mother, and not very long after her father retired from the service, rich rather in honors than wealth, to watch the development of the tender flower round which, with the fond contemplation of the present, twined softening remembrances of the past, and serene anticipations of the future. He passed a considerable time in France and Italy, and about four years before the period at which our tale has its beginning, became the owner of the cottage already described.

The immediate spot in which the General settled, was attractive rather from its natural beauty, than from the society of which it could boast. Its seclusion was, however, far from unpleasing to Miss St. Aubyn, who, with a mind stored with every thing that could adorn her sex, possessed a pride that led her rather to shun than to court attention from those moths of

society, who flutter round the light of each new beauty of the hour, and escape the scorching which is the common doom of their insect brothers, only because Nature has formed them of less delicate material — Miss St. Aubyn was worthy of higher homage. It is not wronging her to say, she felt she was. Of admiration unsought and uncared for, she had, however, no unenvied share. Many, and deep, were the libations quaffed to that beauty which, least of her many charms, made dire havoc amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood, and carried its unconscious possessor through the entire round of female artifice, from "horrid prudery" to "impudent flirtation," with the mothers, aunts, and daughters, for a circuit of full thirty miles. The extremes, far from being irreconcilable, showed only the fearful extent of her duplicity, and within a very few months Miss St. Aubyn was hated by all the women, and worshipped by all the men, within the dread space alluded to.

Amongst the visitors at the cottage during the first year of her residence in it, there was, in truth, but one in whom its mistress felt even a passing interest, nor was the feeling of gratification which her slight intercourse with that one created, any thing beyond. With Arthur Crawford it was far otherwise. Quiet and unpretending in his demeanour, careless, to a fault, of applause or observation, the calmness of his exterior hid an under-current of feeling, as impetuous as it was deep. A mind naturally refined and comprehensive, fostered by varied and extensive reading, long and enthusiastic observation of nature and of art, and still more by deep and frequent communing with itself, reached its full maturity, while his heart still retained all the warmth and freshness of boyhood. To genius and passion he united a high, unswerving sense of principle; ruling equally over both, and ready, whenever necessary, to assert its own dignity at the sacrifice of either fame or love. Chance brought him for a short time to Miss St. Aubyn's neighbourhood; their intercourse was, as that of congenial minds must be, familiar and unrestrained — it was of short duration. He left her — perhaps not without hope — and left with her all he had then to give, the silent homage of a heart which would have made any sacrifice for the power to speak that homage with honor. It could have made none so great as allowing it to remain unspoken.

The following year was an eventful one to Emily. About three miles from the General's residence was the stately mansion of the Vandeleur family. Its present proprietor was old and childless, morose by nature, and not the less so that the softening influence, which the ties of family exert over the worst dispositions, had

never come to curb the harsh and dogged inclinations of his youth. The wealthiest resident in the district, without one idea above his sordid possessions, the acerbity of his temper was increased by the thought that he should be succeeded in these possessions by one to whom travel and education had in all probability, given tastes more exalted, and feelings more refined than his own. Henry Vandeleur, his nephew, on whom the estates of the family were strictly entailed, was indeed, if report spoke truly, the very opposite in character and habits to his worthless uncle. At the time when the St. Aubyns came to reside in the vicinity of Vandeleur Court, he was absent on the Continent, where he had been travelling for nearly three years, and about the close of the second summer of their residence there, he returned from abroad. Handsome in person, easy, polished, and courteous in address, fluent in conversation, and skilled in all the lighter accomplishments of the day, from the hour of his first meeting with Miss St. Aubyn, she seemed to absorb his every thought. Her society he constantly sought. Parity of years — kindred pursuits and occupations — these, too, for the greater part, unshared in, and unappreciated, by most of their mutual acquaintances — and that mystic electricity of the soul which, like the soul itself, defies inquiry into its origin — ere long won him the affections of Miss St. Aubyn. Vandeleur saw quickly into her feelings — he spoke his own, and met with the response he sighed for.

To narrate the details of the period which followed, is not my intention. Suffice it to say, that the income of Mr. Vandeleur not being such as to render an immediate marriage prudent or advisable, it was agreed to defer the union for the long space of three years, at which time he would, under the will of his grandfather, be entitled to property of some amount, while in all likelihood, from his uncle's advanced age, he could scarcely survive even so long.

During this space of time, the intercourse of the lovers was the most intimate and unrestrained. Miss St. Aubyn's communications with Vandeleur, verbal or written, were the simple exponents of her feelings. She dreamed not of concealing her emotions, for she knew of none that she should blush to reveal. If he were true, he had a right to know them; if she believed he could be false, she would have spurned him, as a reptile, from her feet. No woman, whose love is worth possessing, will bestow it on a man whom she can doubt.

If the flight of Time be swift, how rapid must it be when he adds Love's pinions to his own. Only six short months remained to the day

which was to make Miss St. Aubyn a bride in name — in heart and feeling she had been so long. One morning Vandeleur called as usual; there was something of embarrassment, scarcely noticeable, however, in his manner, but it did not elude Miss St. Aubyn's eye. They were alone in the shrubbery together. Emily, for a time, was silent; she seemed to expect that Vandeleur would allude to the cause of his apparent uneasiness — she felt disappointed that he did not.

"Henry," said she, at last, "you are laboring under some annoyance; what is it?"

He started slightly, but replied, looking affectionately in her face —

"Yes, Emily, I am indeed; I meant to speak of it to you, but — I must leave you for a time."

"Leave me!" said she, a sudden paleness coming over her lovely face — "Not, surely, Henry, for a long time."

"No, not a long time, Emily — but," he paused, and added, as if reproachfully, "I thought any separation would seem long to you: to me, I know, it will."

The insinuation seemed to her unkind. She raised her eyes to his; whatever she saw there, instead of replying to his last words, she said, with some emphasis —

"Henry, the thought of this separation is not the only cause of your embarrassment to-day. The reason of it may be — I have a right to know it."

Vandeleur colored deeply, but, with assumed playfulness, replied —

"My dear inquisitor, that you cannot learn just now. I must go to London; my stay will, I hope, be only a few weeks — five or six at the most: my business there is most urgent. Is not this enough?"

"No," said Miss St. Aubyn, firmly, "it is not, Henry. There is some mystery about the cause of your going — there should be none to me."

"Indeed," said Vandeleur, with a smile. "Why what a dreadfully *exigeante* wife you will be."

"*Exigeante* wife!" did she hear him rightly. She had given him her entire heart and soul; unlocked for him the casket of all her thoughts and feelings — had he not done the like to her? *Exigeante* wife! what could there be for a wife to exact? — for a husband to conceal? The thoughts passed, with the rapidity of lightning, through her mind — not so quickly as that Vandeleur failed to trace them in her ingenuous face. Before she could reply to his words, he added —

"But come, my dear girl, you have indeed a right to know every thing from me, for to me you are every thing; yet, I confess, I would

have kept this secret from you, for, I fear, it will give you pain. Will the motive excuse the crime?"

"It ought not," said Emily, pettishly, but with real tenderness; "but I will try to forgive you. You should not rob me of my share in your annoyances."

How weak a thing is woman, when she loves. The proud, intellectual, high-souled Emily St. Aubyn was once again the fond, timorous, trusting girl. Alas! Eve was but the first of her sex that the serpent's words beguiled!

And wherefore repeat his words? Why state the first treacherous language of a perjured man — the first dark falsehood clung to by a confiding woman? I will not sully with it a page consecrated to better memories.

That interview was, happily for her, the last which Miss St. Aubyn had with Henry Vandeleur. Happily, I say, for to have met him after were profanation to her unsuspecting innocence.

Nearly three months passed away, and Vandeleur continued in London. He wrote, however, frequently and fully, nor did the tone of his letters manifest any decline in his avowed affection for Emily. On the contrary, he seemed to have the deepest interest in all that related to her, expressing only his anxiety to escape from the giddy whirl of dissipation in which he was involved, once again to taste the happiness of her society. The pretexts which each succeeding letter suggested for fresh delay, had all the appearance of truth, and Miss St. Aubyn was too sincere to doubt. At length an event occurred which would necessarily cause his return. His uncle died suddenly. With what hope did she look for the arrival of the first conveyance from the metropolis, which could bring him back to her. Five weeks elapsed: she was sitting with her father at breakfast, the windows open, the fragrance of her own sweet flowers stealing in through them, as if to repay their gentle mistress for her care, or to chide her for withholding her smiles from them too long. A servant entered, with a letter — the seal was black, and the direction in the well-known hand. Her heart sank within her as she took it. She opened it — not with the eagerness she was wont to do; but calmly, and with a strange foreboding of ill: there was no flutter — her very heart beat slowly, but so loud you might have heard its throbbing. The first glance at its contents seemed to have changed her into marble. Every feature was fixed and rigid, save her eyes, which, as if mechanically, moved with a measured slowness along the page. They reached the end — they returned to its commencement; once more the fatal characters were perused, in the same measured time, and, without a single word or

utterance, she fell back, to all appearance, lifeless, in her chair.

Oh, perfidy of man to woman!—treacherous, coward crime, is there no guard against thee? Yes! the world has a code of honor which says, "betray her at thy peril when she has father, husband, brother to avenge her wrong," and the world's "men of honor" keep the commandment!

Miss St. Aubyn had a father—but for the present let us return to herself. She was removed to her chamber—medical aid was at once procured; for three days she lay in complete unconsciousness. When she awoke from it, it was to a sense of entire desolation. The first dawn of perception brought back what had occurred, in all its cold reality. There was none of that indistinctness, none of that perplexing doubt which, to some minds, would have made the entire seem a fearful dream. With a character like hers, the blow which could subdue, left a mark which was indelible. The simoom had swept over her existence, and not one hope remained which might blossom in the future.

And how felt she towards Vandeleur? The dream of love had passed away for ever, and what replaced it? Not hatred, not revenge—he was far beneath them—but a lofty, almost superhuman disdain. All the weakness of her sex was gone. Did he kneel before her now, in heartfelt, unfeigned repentance—did he bring a spell to efface every memory of his deceit, she would scarcely deign to spurn him. Pride triumphed over love: but Love too had *his* triumph, and rent the veil of the sanctuary which was his no longer—Miss St. Aubyn's heart was broken.

From the moment when that fatal letter was perused till his child's consciousness was again restored, General St. Aubyn scarcely left her side. Worn out by his anxious and dreary watching, with his spirit already crushed by the blow which ruined her happiness, the recognition which that consciousness brought with it, fraught with such bitterness to both, was too much for his exhausted frame. He struggled against his own weakness, but in vain; and a few days laid him on that couch from which he was never more to rise.

What a holy thing is woman in the hour of sickness, of affliction!—how deep her self-devotion; how unearthly her fortitude; how cheaply purchased is her angel ministry, at such a moment, by the trifling attentions, the petty cares, which she imposes in the day of prosperity upon man! Yet his selfish nature will refuse to gratify what he is pleased to designate her caprices, because he knows that, when the hour of sorrow comes, the treasures of her priceless affection will be yielded up as fully as if he had studied to deserve them.

The love that smoothed the pillow of General St. Aubyn had been well earned; but deep indeed must have been the springs of that affection which could triumph over his daughter's misery, and make her the soothing attendant on her parent's illness. The moment, however, that he required her care, her own griefs seemed to lose their sting, and for weeks she continued to minister to his every want with that kind and tender solicitude which woman only knows. Alas! that solicitude was destined to be unavailing. The day that was to have seen his daughter a bride, closed upon his dying struggle. We have already witnessed the last sad scene between the father and the child.

The contents of Vandeleur's letter the reader is as yet unacquainted with. Let us now turn our eyes to the cold and heartless document. It was couched in these words:—

"MY DEAR MISS ST. AUBYN,—I have just heard of the sudden and melancholy death of my dear and affectionate uncle. The shock which it gives me is great; so great indeed that it is with difficulty I write. I feel, however, that I owe this letter to you, as circumstances connected with this sad event preclude all possibility of my fulfilling those engagements towards you, which I have looked forward to the accomplishment of with such deep and ardent longing. The day before my departure from——, I first became aware of my dear relative's objection to our intended marriage. I dared not communicate it to you. I well knew that the sensitiveness of your nature would make you at once shun a union to which any member of my family would manifest a dislike; and, selfishly I own, I withheld from you a resolve which I knew, if communicated, would seal my unhappiness. I felt at the same time that his wishes, if persevered in, commanded my obedience. Alas! I trusted such would not be the case. I hoped that my remonstrances, my prayers, would conquer his opposition; and to show my anxiety to fulfil his wishes even when most repugnant to my own, at his desire I left you. Till yesterday I still indulged in my dream of happiness, to be awakened from it with what bitter cruelty! The same post which brought me intelligence of my uncle's unexpected death, brought me his solemn command to give up all idea of this marriage. I cannot dwell upon the subject—I scarcely know what I write. To find, in one dark instant, the future made a dreary blank—to lose all hope of that which gave value to existence, is too much to be calmly dwelt on. You, too, I feel I have wronged; I should have been more explicit, more frank. Even you would pardon me if you knew my present feelings. May God bless you, and give me peace!

"HENRY VANDELEUR."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the third morning of the Spring assizes in the town of——. The court was crowded

an honest, blunt exterior, and a homely frankness of manner, which might lead an ordinary observer to imagine that his entire power consisted in a full conviction of the fairness of his case; and that when that conviction did not exist, the ingenuousness of his nature must at once betray his knowledge of his weakness. Nothing could be more at variance with his conduct. N— never looked doubtful except when he was quite sure of a verdict. When he was not, he could not afford to lose the weight which his own apparent sense of the security of his client's case was certain to possess with a jury. To look at him now, you would say he was himself an injured man. He commenced by expressing his deep regret that a case such as that before them should ever have been brought into a public court; a case painful in whatever way it was viewed, whether with reference to the feelings of the plaintiff or the defendant, and leading necessarily to the disclosure of occurrences, and the divulging of facts, which should have been kept sacred from the public eye. For his part, he came there to take an honest, straight-forward course, whatever might be the result of it. His client, it was true, had denied on the record that any promise had been made on his part to marry the plaintiff, but the gentlemen of the jury should know that such denial was purely formal: there was no intention of relying on it; the promise which was the foundation of that action they acknowledged in the fullest manner—they had all along done so. That promise had been made by his client in the truest spirit of sincerity; nor did he ever dream of abandoning it, till the non-fulfilment of it became a solemn duty. When that hour arrived, he instantly made Miss St. Aubyn acquainted with the fact. They had heard the letter read in which it was communicated; they had heard comments, too, made upon that letter, on which he would not observe—he left it to the jury to say whether they were merited. To him it appeared that that letter should have at once been looked on as releasing his client from the engagement into which he had entered. Miss St. Aubyn, or her advisers, took a different view of it; this action was brought; the damages were laid, as they had already heard, at the exorbitant sum of £10,000. Mr. Vandeleur was literally thunder-struck; he felt that the marriage could never take place; he knew that the tithe of the sum would never be recovered against him, but he resolved to make reparation for even an involuntary wrong. He resolved to shield Miss St. Aubyn from the indiscretion of her own advisers, and sooner than suffer her to bring upon herself the odium of a trial, he generously offered £3,000 to have the action abandoned. That offer was refused, and

Mr. Vandeleur had no option but to defend the case. There was, however, as he already stated, no intention of denying the contract. The only evidence he should offer would be in mitigation of damages; and he felt confident that when the jury came to consider that evidence, they would see that the sum offered by his client was far beyond what the circumstances of the case called on them to give. A portion of that evidence was of a nature that it gave him the deepest pain to be under the necessity of producing; but it was necessary to his client's vindication, and he felt compelled to have recourse to it. The evidence to which he alluded was that of a person who had formerly been a domestic in General St. Aubyn's family, the constant attendant on the plaintiff herself, and had reference to her conduct and character prior to the defendant's becoming acquainted with her. If the jury believed that evidence he felt satisfied that they would consider his client entitled to all the protection in their power, and would feel with him that it was, if not a legal, at least a moral ground for abandoning a promise which he had made under a completely mistaken impression of Miss St. Aubyn's disposition and conduct. He would not dwell upon the matter further, but would allow the evidence, when adduced, to speak for itself. They had heard much stress laid on the circumstance that this action was brought solely in compliance with the dying wish of General St. Aubyn, and God forbid that he should lightly regard the request of a dying father. But the gentlemen of the jury should consider that the breach of his client's engagement was in compliance with a mandate scarce less solemn—the mandate of the nearest and dearest relative he had on earth; one who to him had been all that a father could be, and who, but a few hours after he had solemnly prohibited him from entering into this marriage, was suddenly snatched into eternity. Long and painful evidence had likewise been given by his learned friends at the other side, of the state of Miss St. Aubyn's health—evidence which he believed was entitled to full credit, and which it grieved him to the soul to hear. But did it follow that her distress of mind arose from the conduct of his client. Might it not more naturally be attributed to the effect which being forced into this trial, this public exposure of her feelings, and his conduct, might produce on a proud and sensitive woman. And to whom was attributable this necessity? Not surely to Mr. Vandeleur; but to the mistaken pride, or affection, as it might be—perhaps both—of her own father. On the evidence for the plaintiff he would make but one remark, one which he felt was called for, and he would then conclude. In proving the amount of Mr. Vandeleur's property,

to excess; and from the anxiety manifest on the countenances of those present, especially the junior members of the legal body, who were chatting in noisy groups, it was evident that a trial of consequence was expected.

"The girl herself will be examined, of course," said a young gentleman who had been called the previous term, showing at once his profound acquaintance with the system of jurisprudence into which he had been initiated.

"No," replied a solemn-looking brother, his senior by a few months, "an action for breach of promise is a simple *assumpsit*, in which the woman herself is the plaintiff; not an action for loss of service, in which the father sues. She can't give evidence in her own case."

"Then we shan't get a look at her," exclaimed the first speaker, disconsolately, and little enlightened by the legal explanation.

"No, it's not likely," repeated the second.

"Besides," added a quiet-looking young man, "the poor girl is really dying. They say she can hardly live another week."

"Live another fiddlestick!" said a fourth, who being remarkable for his attention to the fair sex, was of course an authority in such matters. "What a great deal you know of women! It's all a sham to increase the damages. The girl was a consummate flirt."

"Was she, though?" asked two or three voices at once. "You knew her, then?"

"Knew her! of course I did," said the last speaker, half astonished at the question, and smiling consciously. "She was certainly a devilish nice girl though; and after all I may judge her unfairly in considering her conduct to myself; towards others, I must say, I never saw her otherwise than ——"

"Silence in the court; hats off!" shouted the crier, interrupting the self-complacent Lothario; and the judge made his appearance on the bench.

His entrance caused a momentary bustle. The callous and coxcombical remarks continued, however, *sotto voce*, varied with such observations as the following, as the names of the jurors were called over, and the oath administered to them "well and truly to try" the issue:—

"'Gad! there's old Harding of Myrtleville. Won't he give a sweeping verdict! He has six lovely daughters out, and is working heaven and earth to get rid of them."

"By Jove! who is that in the scratch-wig?"

"Oh, faith! a set-off to Harding. French of Powderflask-hall; as great a *roué* as there's in the kingdom. I'll back him to find for the defendant, or a farthing damages for the plaintiff if it goes very hard with his conscience."

In this manner the scrutiny went on—such of the gentlemen of the jury as were unknown

to the parties being tested by the color of their noses, the length of their chins, the spruceness or negligence of their attire, and other powerful indications of their respective dispositions; till at length the crier called the case of "St. Aubyn against Vandeleur."

A young man, about twenty-eight years of age, rose rather hurriedly; he was slightly flushed, and his manner somewhat embarrassed. It was Arthur Crawford. He opened the case. It was an action for breach of promise of marriage, in which the plaintiff was Miss Emily St. Aubyn, —the defendant, Henry Vandeleur, Esq. The declaration contained three counts; the defendant pleaded the general issue, and a special plea; the damages were laid at ten thousand pounds. Having made this short statement, he resumed his place, and bent over the brief which lay open before him.

Miss St. Aubyn's leading counsel now rose, and proceeded to state the case. His speech was powerful and effective. He dwelt much on the peculiar circumstances under which the action was brought—solely in fulfilment of the wishes of a dying father, to punish the heartless slanders which the defendant, not content with bringing that father, and, as it was but too probable, his client likewise, to the grave, had circulated in palliation of his conduct; and, at the end of three quarters of an hour, resumed his seat, having concluded an address which evidently produced a strong effect on the minds of his hearers.

The evidence for the plaintiff was now gone into. It consisted chiefly of letters addressed to her by the defendant, proving beyond all question the existence of a legal contract between the parties; after the reading of which the medical attendants of Miss St. Aubyn were produced. Their testimony was in truth painful: they stated her to be reduced by mental suffering to a state of health, recovery from which was altogether hopeless; and one of them declared it to be his conviction, that her physical exhaustion was such as to render it scarcely possible that she could survive another month. Two or three questions of cross-examination, injudiciously hazarded, elicited replies little calculated to diminish the sympathy of the hearers with the unhappy girl, and the physicians were allowed to withdraw. Mr. Vandeleur was then proved to have landed property to the value of £3,000 a-year, and to be a legatee in his uncle's will to the amount of £15,000, on condition of his obtaining a property equivalent to that sum with any wife he should happen to marry. With this evidence the case for the plaintiff closed.

The defendant's senior counsel now rose to reply. He was a man of long experience, extreme tact, and consummate art, disguised under

with breathless anxiety for the rising of Mr. F——, whose turn it was to speak, and from whose well-known eloquence an address of no ordinary power was anticipated. He was not in court; in a few minutes, however, he entered; but instead of proceeding to address the jury, he whispered some observation into the ear of the young lawyer who had opened the case. The latter listened intently, looked evidently much embarrassed by the communication, and seemed to remonstrate strongly with his senior, who, however, appeared to press his proposition, whatever it was, with much eagerness, and the young man at length seemed reluctantly to assent to it. At this moment the judge asked if it were Mr. F——'s intention to address the jury.

"My lord," said F——, "I have only just concluded an address of nearly four hours in the other court, and am quite unable to speak in this case. In addition to the fatigue I feel, I have heard none of the defendant's evidence. I believe, however, my learned friend, Mr. Crawford, will take my place, and I feel I can trust the case to him without hesitation."

I glanced at Crawford; he was ghastly pale. I knew his powers—what a splendid field for them. He had already acquired a high reputation; what could he mean by hesitating?

"Will you then address the jury, Mr. Crawford?" asked his lordship.

"As my learned friend presses me to undertake it, my lord, I will not refuse, though it is a responsibility I would gladly be relieved of," he replied, with a steadiness of voice with which the embarrassment of his manner strongly contrasted. "In a moment I will be prepared."

A feeling of disappointment at being deprived of a speech they had calculated on, from a counsel of known eminence, was manifest on the countenances of those present. Curiosity to hear how a young, and to most of them an unknown man, would acquit himself in so arduous and interesting a case, very naturally succeeded, and when, after a hurried glance over a few notes on the margin of his brief, Crawford turned to commence, the silence was absolutely deathlike. For a moment I feared for him; but his collected air, and the calm firmness with which he began, at once reassured me.

He commenced by remarking the wide difference between the case before the jury, and all ordinary actions of the kind, being, as he said, "the last act of the dying, in fulfilment of the last wishes of the dead." He then entered into a lucid and impressive review of the evidence for the plaintiff, sketching, with a touching eloquence, the story of her attachment to Vandeleur, and his base desertion of her, and closing

with the testimony of the medical witnesses; after a hurried glance at which, he said—"Gentlemen, I cannot dwell on this. I cannot trust myself longer with this detail of suffering. I had once the happiness of a short, a very short, acquaintance with Miss St. Aubyn. I saw her, not many months before her intimacy with the defendant began, in her own home, the idolized child of a brave and honored father. I thought that if worth, and loveliness, and virtue, could secure happiness on earth, grief could never cross the threshold of that home. Gentlemen, that home is desolate; the gray hairs of that father have gone down in sorrow to the grave, and the child lives but to fulfil his last request, and follow him. I must drop a veil over miseries which I dare not contemplate." Here he became much affected; but, after a few moments' pause, he went into a recapitulation of the evidence which had been relied on for the defence, which he made the ground of a withering invective against Vandeleur, especially the vile fabrications of the "immaculate waiting-maid," and concluded thus—"I have charged the defendant with duplicity, falsehood, and slander; and I now charge him with abetting perjury, to make the slander effective. I have done, gentlemen, with the evidence, and I call on you for a verdict. There are amongst you fathers—remember that your children, too, may be deceived and calumniated. My client has no longer a father; but her father on his death-bed bequeathed to you the sacred office of protecting the honor of his child. In your hands, I feel that it is safe. I call on you, then, for a verdict. I ask for the entire damages claimed by my client, as the only mode you have of showing your sense of her wrongs, your horror of her betrayer. You cannot, indeed, make her what she once was. You cannot restore her what she has lost. Can you remove the effects of physical and mental sufferings of months' duration? Can you obliterate the memory of love repaid by slander—of confidence returned by deceit? Can you give her back a peaceful home? Can you give her back the buoyancy of heart, of which she has been robbed by her betrayer? No, gentlemen; it is idle to speak of justice; it is idle to speak of reparation. You have them not in your hands. But there is one thing which you can do. You can by your verdict vindicate my client's honor; and, as fathers, as brothers, and as men, I confide that honor to your keeping." With these remarks, he resumed his seat.

His speech, of which I cannot even profess to give the substance, was powerfully effective; not so much, indeed, from his language as from his earnestness of feeling, and the deep impressiveness of his manner. The moment he got over

it was shown that in his uncle's will he was bequeathed £15,000, on condition of getting a fortune of that amount with his wife. In the opening speech of his learned friend, no observation was made upon this bequest, but it was plain enough what was intended by putting it in evidence—it was plain enough that the object was to insinuate that this legacy was what caused Mr. Vandeleur to break off his engagement with Miss St. Aubyn, and that the wish of his uncle was only a pretext for doing so. This was passed by at the moment, but it was of course to be relied on at another stage of the trial. For his part he cared not for the insinuation—the character of Mr. Vandeleur was too well known to suffer from it; the high position which he and his family had always held in the country, would shelter him from such a stigma, and for himself he would scorn to defend him from it. More he felt it unnecessary to say. He had had long experience of the intelligence and discrimination of the juries of this country; he knew well the honor and uprightness of the gentlemen who now occupied the jury-box—many of them were his intimate and valued personal friends, and in their hands he knew that he had nothing to fear for the safety of the client.

Mr. N—— having concluded his address, the letter written to Vandeleur by his uncle, requiring him, under pain of his displeasure, to break off his intended marriage with Miss St. Aubyn, was put in evidence, and then followed the vilest part of the degrading exhibition. Mademoiselle Louise Tussaud was called and sworn.

The witness, a Frenchwoman, was a fashionably dressed person, of about five-and-thirty, but evidently had bestowed what skill she could to keep the last decade modestly concealed. She was highly rouged, and endeavoured, by a perpetual smile, to carry off the natural expression of a face in no slight degree sinister and malicious in its character. It wanted not the counsel's prefatory speech to indicate the purpose for which she was produced, for a glance would have told that her evidence could have but one object—to slander one who in all likelihood would soon be beyond the reach of human malice. What might be the precise nature of her evidence was, however, matter of deep anxiety to the entire audience.

She had resided, she said, in General St. Aubyn's family for nearly two years, and left him only a few months before he settled at ——. When she left him, Miss St. Aubyn was in her nineteenth year. She had been her confidential attendant. She recollected the Count de L——; was the bearer of letters to him from Miss St. Aubyn. General St. Aubyn was not aware of the correspondence between

his daughter and the count. Miss St. Aubyn had conversations with her upon the subject of the count's attentions; believed from them that there existed a mutual attachment between him and her mistress; knew that she would have eloped with him, if the general had not suspected her intentions, and taken measures to prevent it. Other questions were then put her respecting Miss St. Aubyn, involving calumny of a deeper dye, and her direct examination closed.

The evidence of Miss Tussaud had been wholly unexpected by the plaintiff's counsel. A few skilful questions, however, much disconcerted her, and served to throw no little doubt over her entire testimony. She admitted that she did not leave General St. Aubyn's service at her own desire, but attributed her dismissal to the fact that she had been discovered by him to be the bearer of messages between his daughter and the Count de L——; and at the conclusion of her cross-examination, there were few persons in court who did not believe her story to be an entire fabrication.

In reality it was not; but small, indeed, was the truth mixed up with its monstrous falsehood, it being nothing more than that she had been dismissed by General St. Aubyn, on his discovery from his daughter that she had endeavoured to bring her into communication with the person alluded to, the Count de L——, who had made various attempts to win the favor of Miss St. Aubyn, but had never met with the shadow of encouragement. After her dismissal from the general's, Miss Tussaud removed to London, where she got engaged as a milliner, and having become acquainted with Vandeleur's valet while the former was in London, her previous knowledge of the St. Aubyns became known to him. Having learned of Vandeleur's resolve to break his engagement with her former mistress, she insinuated that she knew facts relating to her history which would give him ground for doing so. He readily caught at the opportunity, and though he placed no reliance on her story, he had the unparalleled baseness to hint it as one of the reasons for his conduct. The scheme foiled itself. The vile slander reached, in a faint and modified form, the ears of his victim's dying father; it stung him to the quick. He knew his child was spotless, and resolved that in her purity she should triumph over the calumniator. The ordeal had come—a few short hours would decide whether she should pass through it unscathed.

With the evidence of the dismissed waiting-maid closed the defendant's case, and now came the time for the plaintiff's counsel to reply. The deep interest excited by the trial had reached its extreme point, and every one present watched

the first few sentences, he seemed completely carried away by his case; the outbursts of pathos or indignation were evidently not assumed by the advocate, but felt by the man, and his delivery of the concluding portion of his address was, beyond description, eloquent. Upon the conclusion of Crawford's speech, the jury began to speak with each other, and the judge at the same moment commenced turning over his notes of the evidence, preparatory to charging. After a few moments, he commenced —

"Gentlemen of the jury — The present action —"

"My lord," interrupted the foreman, "I believe it will be unnecessary for your lordship to trouble yourself by going through the evidence. We have agreed on our verdict."

"Indeed!" said his lordship, a little surprised.

Crawford started from his seat, breathless, and pale as a statue. The issue paper was handed down.

"For whom do you find, gentlemen?"

"We find for the plaintiff — £6,000 damages, and 6d. costs," replied the foreman.

Crawford's eye brightened — one flush of triumph gleamed upon his features — in an instant that marble hue replaced it, and, with an air of utter exhaustion, he sank into his place. I drew near him —

"My dear fellow," said I, "you have made a splendid effort; but you are fatigued — you had better leave the court."

He smiled faintly.

"You are right," he replied. "I am knocked up, I believe; it came on me by surprise. I'll take your advice;" and we left together.

When we reached the street, I found it was later than I thought; and having an engagement to dine with a friend some miles from town, I parted with Crawford in a few minutes. As I was leaving him, I shook him warmly by the hand, and exclaimed —

"*Au revoir*, my dear Arthur, you have a splendid career before you. I shall yet see you on the bench."

"Perhaps so," said he, with a forced smile; "but I fear you are a bad prophet."

We parted. I slept in the country that night, and next day arrived in town just in time to drive to the court-house, where a case in which I was engaged was expected to be called on early.

I had just entered. Another case was called. After a few moments, the agent hurried into court, apparently in great excitement —

"My lord," said he, addressing the bench, "I have to apply for a postponement of this trial on a very melancholy ground. Mr. Crawford, who was engaged in the case, has been wounded — I fear mortally — this morning, in a duel."

There was a deep sensation in the court; but I waited for no more. I rushed to Crawford's lodgings. Alas! the tale was but too true. I found he had but a few hours to live. He had given Mr. Vandeleur a meeting that morning, and in the first fire received the fatal wound.

As I entered his room he smiled.

"Well," said he, "was I right in doubting your prediction? At least it will be a satisfaction to you to know that I am a happier man than I should be, if it were true."

I will not dwell upon my interview with him. Life was fast ebbing; but he suffered little pain, and was not only resigned, but cheerful. He made one request of me, which I too soon had the sad satisfaction of executing — that he should be interred in the church-yard of E—. That evening he was no more.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a bright, dewy April morning; the sun was just rising, and a group of persons were moving towards the gate which led from the little church-yard just alluded to to the high road. The old clergyman of the parish, and the physician whom we have already seen at the beginning of this story, were walking silently together a little in advance of the rest, and one tottering, aged man was leaning both his hands on an oaken staff, and looking on a new-made grave, while the large tears flowed slowly down his furrowed cheeks, and a group of young and unconscious children were gazing wistfully in his face.

"It is a strange superstition," said the physician, rather musingly than addressing his companion, "which makes the heavens weep over the interment of the beautiful and good. Those who know this world's hollowness would find a happier omen in their smile."

"And those who do not," replied the clergyman, "might learn it sadly from the story of Emily St. Aubyn."

Yes, reader, on her grave fell the first ray of that morning's quiet sunshine. Five days after the termination of the trial above described, her bruised and gentle spirit passed away to that world "where the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

But what of Vandeleur? After the fatal duel with Crawford, he left the country, resided in France for five years, where he married an English heiress, whose fortune was far beyond what entitled him to the legacy bequeathed by his uncle. He returned to Ireland, sat in parliament for his native country for eighteen years, and died in the midst of a large and prosperous family. Is the reader startled by the sorrows of the good and the prosperity of the wicked? Does he forget that JUSTICE IS ETERNAL? —  
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## THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE.

The inhabitants of Cologne may well be proud of their cathedral, unfinished as it is. It was the time of her greatest prosperity when Cologne conceived the idea of this temple. Were it complete it would be the noblest and purest building in the Germanic ecclesiastical style. The period in which Cologne flourished most, was the middle of the thirteenth century, the age of that second Frederick of Hohenstaufen, who carried on the great contest of earthly sovereignty against the vicegerent of God, and opposed human heroism to the hierarchy, while Cologne's sturdy burghers were warring against their chief prelate.

Barbarossa, the first Frederick, had laid the cities in ashes; the second Frederick saw in them his bulwark against spiritual despotism. He had need of them, and of all the cities of Germany Cologne was the mightiest. If the princes had united themselves in closer bonds with the cities, if the crown and the citizens had earlier seen the necessity of holding together against the nobility and the priesthood, the contest of the Hohenstaufen would not perhaps have had a tragical issue. But it appears to have been reserved for Protestantism to give to the cities the consciousness of their own strength, a consciousness which came too late to make them, what they might have been, the fundamental support of the empire. The idea of this fraternization arose in the mind of the second Frederick; Cologne, in his reign, was the prop of sovereignty. Frederick gave to the city the staple-right which she afterwards exercised so as to destroy the free navigation of the Rhine. He brought to Cologne his third wife, Isabella of England, who, during six weeks, was entertained with the most splendid festivities of which the chronicles contain any record. Ten thousand splendidly-armed citizens escorted the princess from Aix-la-Chapelle, and the whole city celebrated, as it were, one continued marriage feast. Organs erected upon waggons, were drawn by horses covered with purple trappings through the richly ornamented streets, and filled the air with their melodious tones, while choirs of maidens day and night chanted songs of triumph under Isabella's windows. This was fifteen years before the death of Frederick.

About this time a Cologne master-builder designed the plan for the cathedral; in 1248, two years before the great emperor's decease, the first stone was laid. And in our own days, it is

the king of Prussia who promises to the citizens of Cologne the completion of the work. If there were not so many other questions involved, if it were not a mere illusion to see the realization of German nationality in the erection of a Church, we might hail with heartfelt joy this bond of union between royalty and citizenship.

The cathedral of Cologne is, even in its ruins, the greatest work which German architecture has planned. The cathedral of Spire measures 60,330 square feet. Strasburg Minster only 48,000, while the cathedral at Cologne covers an area of 60,400 square feet. Of the two spires intended to attain an elevation of 525 feet, which is exactly equal to the length of the Church, one scarcely rises above its foundations; the other reaches to a height of two hundred feet. Standing thus unfinished, surmounted by the crane which was employed in raising the stones of which it is composed, it seemed to remind us that a new era had dawned since mankind was accustomed to undertake such works to the glory of God and of themselves; it has even been thought a fact of deep import, that the most beautiful Germanic Church of the middle ages is an unfinished fragment. Only the choir, with the Holy of Holies, the jewel of the whole, was completed. It was finished in the year 1322, seventy-four years after the foundation stone was laid; and is in fact in itself large enough for the celebration of an ecclesiastical festival. The hundred main pillars in the nave of the Church, fifty-two on each side, resembled, until lately, a forest of columns which a storm had suddenly arrested in their growth. They reached up to the commencement of the arch, but they supported nothing except the boarding which protected them from the weather.

To preserve these fragments of the great cathedral, considerable works had constantly been necessary. From being unfinished, the building was the more exposed to the gnawing tooth of time, and to the ravages of the elements. The choir, separated by a wall from the desert nave, might serve as a church by itself; but this treasure of German art was not so well secured as if it had possessed the support which the walls of the nave would have afforded to it on each side. The choir, with its tall graceful columns, and majestic arches, was becoming from day to day more fragile, and required unceasing repairs and additions.

Now that the gigantic idea of completing the

whole church, with both its spires, has been conceived by the ruler of Prussia, and that half a million of dollars have flowed into its treasury, a new life has awakened in the so long desert spaces of the enormous pile. Hundreds of workmen have been busy in them during the last four years; the walls which were falling into ruin, have risen up; the forest of pillars, which stood there like the naked trunks of dead and leafless trees, have once more awakened to the vigor of growth. The northern portal is completed in its simple grandeur; the fifty pillars on the south side of the nave have exchanged their covering of boards for a lofty vaulted roof; those on the north side have advanced to the leaves of the capitals. Upon these the workmen are now employed, and each one of the hundred pillars will soon be crowned with its own distinct and peculiar ornaments. Here you behold a window which is the work of the building-society of Cologne, and another which is given by the men's singing-club. Yonder pillar was raised by the princes of the house of Hohenzollern, and this one, adorned with the arms and colors of Bavaria, is a memorial of the architectural taste of King Louis.

How much more rapidly our age builds than a former one, which built out of piety; we employ money instead of piety; money is now the nerve and soul of the whole machine of life. The pious building-mania of the men of the middle ages knew no bounds. At the very time when the cathedral was advancing with its greatest rapidity, numberless other churches were springing up under the hands of the same workmen. From the outer gallery is to be seen the church of the Minorites. It was the work of the builders of the cathedral; and in their leisure evening hours, when they were wearied by their labors, they went and erected a church for the Franciscans, in order, perhaps, should the prayers of the canons be insufficient, to secure the intercession of those pious brethren.

It is well known that the Drachenfels furnished the materials for the cathedral; and now the old quarry once more yields its masses, at least for the interior; but the stone is found not to be well adapted for exposure to wind and weather. For the images of saints which stand in their niches on the outside, the stone is brought from Rochefort; this is soft to the chisel, and has the peculiar property of gradually, under exposure to rain, becoming as hard as iron. All the countless statues, and arches, and screens, the whole net work of galleries, and towers, and pillars, which cover the new exterior walls, are made of this French stone.

The choir is now completed. Modern art has ventured to color it. I say *ventured*, for if I had

been told that I should see a Gothic hall painted in various colors, I should have started with surprise at such a modern perversion of taste. We are accustomed to picture to ourselves these old cathedrals in the sombre gray of the original stone. I was now returning from Belgium, and the imposing effect of the simple majestic grandeur of the cathedral of Antwerp was fresh in my recollection, and seemed to be the highest type of German art. A feeling of astonishment was the first which seized me, when I saw the choir of Cologne in the brilliancy of its colors. The gray stone of the Drachenfels has here been changed into bronze; the capitals of the pillars have assumed the colors of their flowers, with calyxes of gold and purple, and foliage of green. The walls are painted by Steinle, of Frankfort. During the restoration of the choir, ancient colors were discovered beneath the mortar and whitewash, and the faded forms have been restored to their original state. Sculpture and painting have thus been engaged in the service of architecture, and this union appears to be the greatest triumph of the arts; the choir seems for the first time to wear its real and intended aspect.

The sun was throwing its evening rays through the stained windows; these we are accustomed to see in their gorgeous colors, which subdue the harsh tones of the light. Painted glass has always been considered a legitimate ornament of gothic churches. But we advance only one step further, and the pale gray walls become animate with the same variegated world of figures, the cold rock assumes life, the dead becomes bright, and, bathed in light and brilliancy, the very stone strives to become warm, and to speak to us living words.

The entire hall, with its soft golden brown splendor, stands now before you like the picture of an oriental tale. And the twilight of the setting sun gives the right illumination for this matchless work of fancy. It is the sacred light by which one cannot say whether the soul, which yields to its emotions, is slumbering or awake. It is the light by which saints are lost in extasies, by which the prophets of the church, the anchorites of the desert, celebrated their rites, and full of holy rapture, felt themselves transported into heaven.

But yonder in that secluded corner there is a singular piece of sculpture. It represents apostate souls riding in at the gates of hell, mounted upon wild boars; Jews are suffering torture on the rack, and heretics are being spitted by devils. The good old stone-masons seem to have felt a kind of savage delight in chiselling out, in their arabesques and allegories, the punishments of lost souls. Is it then impossible to

conceive the holy joy of blessed spirits without the horrors of wild passion? The Christianity of the middle ages, equally fanatical in love and hatred, has represented human nature on both sides. Is God always to be such as men picture him, and belief in him to be for ever bound to the weakness of the creature?

This temple shall not be restored and completed in order to transport us back into the delusions of old times; nor in order to renew the quarrels of different confessions of faith. "It shall be," thus spake a king, "a work of brotherly love among all Germans, a memorial of the unanimity of all Christian religions." It was in 1814 that Görres demanded the completion of the cathedral of Cologne as a thank-offering for the liberation of Germany from for-

eign enemies. His call was unheard. Sulpicius Boisserée then devoted all the energies and knowledge which he possessed, to the task of making us acquainted with the structure. In 1831 he completed his history, with a description and pictures of the church, such as it would have been according to the original plan. It was the plan of a temple which would far surpass all the cathedrals of Christianity, the result of everything great and beautiful which German art has conceived, the perfection of all the Germanic glories of the middle ages. Filled with the idea of this glory, a king in our days seized the mallet of the stone-hewer, and bade "the ruin to become animate, the house of God to be completed." — *Europa*.

## HOW ARE WORLDS FORMED?\*

The construction of worlds was formerly considered to be a subject altogether out of men's reach. Even since we remember, comparatively few persons pretended to tell, with any degree of precision, either how this or any other world was produced. Science and information are, however, progressing, and there is, absolutely, now no great difficulty encountered in the inquiry. By aid of a hammer, and a few months' rock-chipping, persons of ordinary capacity get at the whole secret. We have two works before us, of recent publication; one, a large pamphlet, showing how worlds in general are made; and the second, an antique and profusely ornamented volume, which contains a history of this world in particular, not merely before the flood, but before what simple-minded persons are disposed to regard as the period of its creation. Mr. Beswick, the author of the thick pamphlet, obligingly intimates that he expects to be assailed on every hand by those who "found their cosmogonical ideas upon the letter of the sacred writings, who believe that the system was originated in six literal days." Mr. Beswick, of course, believes nothing of the kind. Nobody, in short, who professes to be learned on these subjects has any such belief. There has been much learned criticism and speculation on this topic, and whether the announcement of creation in Genesis might or might not be in our translation more accordant with the

original if "epochs" had been used instead of "days," is, after all, a question of less practical importance than many persons seem to suppose; since nothing, we think, can be clearer than that the same exertion of power which is supposed to have placed the strata of the world in regular order, could have formed a world, if we may reverently use the phrase, with all its geological relics, and remnants, footprints and dried fishes, limestone and coal measures, "ready made." There would be nothing more wonderful in the creation of a fossil, than in causing those circumstances by which the materials of museums are supposed to have been produced. Those persons who accept the literal language of our Scriptural translation believe in something of this kind. They do not allege that the trees in the garden of Eden were the subjects of such gradual growth and development as have been evinced ever since that creation in their regular succession. They do not suppose for a moment that the first created man went through all those painful gradations of creeping, and teething, and tottering, and ultimately walking, and acquiring strength, that since then have been the lot of all the successive generations of his descendants. It is unnecessary that they should believe in the thorough absence of any material, in any form, out of which this earth was constituted six thousand years since, antecedent to that date. The eduction of a habitable world out of a chaotic and inhabitable mass is an equally great miracle with the volition that a world should appear where nothing previously existed, working out its decree!

We know not, therefore, that there need be,

\* *How are Worlds Formed?* being a New System of Cosmogonical Philosophy. By SAMUEL BESWICK. Haslingden. 1847.

*The Ancient World; or, Picturesque Sketches of Creation.* By D. T. ANSTED, Professor of Geology in King's College, London. London: John Van Voorst.

At the time when the religious community of the present day is supposing the heavens to have been formed, they had mapped it out into configurations: at the time when it supposes the first man and woman were rudely tilling the ground, without clothing and shelter, these nations, particularly Egypt, were teaching the arts and sciences in schools: had formed the most durable edifices and buildings that have ever been erected in the history of man; and at the supposed time of the Mosaic deluge, they had so far progressed as to be able to teach the most sublime mysteries in the form of allegory. *Such is the nature of the Mosaic Cosmogony, as described in the Sacred Writings, which was composed in those days.\** Their intellectual condition supposes an acquisition of the experience of successive generations, extending over a period that would baffle and render ridiculous all attempts at chronological computation. But it was an age of allegory and correspondency; and hence this appears to have been their scientific method of arriving at the discovery of truth."

We do not know that in any similar work we ever met more grossly absurd statements than those which we have quoted. They exhibit the wonderful credulity of Mr. Beswick — a credulous acceptance of his own imaginations that almost transcends any thing manifested by the Latter-Day Saints. We certainly never could find out any records of Persia, Chaldea, and the other nations named — all, it may be observed, within the supposed limits of the flood — that antedated their existence so much farther back in time than the Mosaic History, as this expounder of the way that worlds are made coolly assumes. According to his theory, the notion of a general flood originated with the colonists of Germany, Poland, and so on; but how Moses, who was, so far as his education went, "an Egyptian," learned the tradition, since there was no overland mail in these days, remains to be explained. Mr. Beswick will, perhaps, indulge us so far as just to cast his eyes over the last sentence save one in our last quotation; and the reason why we respectfully ask the favor is, that this sentence alone is sufficient proof that he is not the man to explain the mysteries of creation, and tell us how the worlds were made. If these Egyptians had reached, as he says, at the era of Eve, such a degree of intellectual advancement, as only accumulations of experience, extending over periods "that baffle and render ridiculous chronological computation," could confer: it follows, that now in the era of Victoria the same people must be advanced in intellectual matters, at least, considerably beyond those European races, who, it is allowed, began the world anew only four thou-

sand years ago. The rapid advances made in physical science, and its application, in this country and in Europe, within half a century, being immensely over any progress attained by the men who built Thebes, must certainly be the product of incalculable ages of experience, according to Mr. Beswick's theory: and thus his Egyptian theory knocks out the side of his European theory, leaving it plain and palpable, in the teeth of boulders, and parallel roads, that there was no flood here, but that we have been progressing in science, knowledge, and arts, for a million of years, less or more, uninterruptedly. All history is thus made a lie; and even the memory of the more advanced class of citizens is converted into a fiction. We have a dim remembrance of having been taken — we actually think carried — to see the first steamer that ever entered a secluded Scottish port; but that is a dream — a mere fanciful vision; and the remarks we fondly treasured as the forebodings of village patriarchs, and matrons, are mere boulders or debris of some disordered vision of the night. The fact must have been that steamboats of rather rude construction navigated our waters many centuries ago; and the galleys that brought Julius Cæsar to Dover; or the curraghs, in which the Lords of Lorn navigated the Sound of Mull, must have had at least one paddle-wheel; although, probably, like Clarke, the celebrated engineer of the Cricket, halfpenny steamer, which recently plied between Hungerford and London bridges, on the Thames — they tied down their valves with a hempen cord, and made a fatal explosion occasionally. We have, indeed, a clue in this argument to the labyrinths of Ossian; and we take many of the descriptions in that work to be, instead of highly imaginative, very prosaic accounts of certain transactions on the water, and in the air, that may be even yet accomplished, at the small charge of one halfpenny. We can also fully explain, on the reasonings flowing naturally, spontaneously, and unavoidably, from the basis of the great Beswickian theory, those accounts of human sacrifices that have been ascribed to the dark mythology of the Druids. We beg our readers to take our assurance that the Druids were mere engineers of the Cricket species, who only threw an unfortunate passenger or two into the air now and then, and they came down dead.

The statements addressed in Scripture against human sacrifices in Tophat and elsewhere are pure allegories. There was a "myth," as the Germans have it, and the story is told in Scripture, with such reflections as seem suitable. Baal was a respectable gentleman — the mayor of one or two cities, and the chairman of several railway companies. Tophat was merely the Sowerby-

\* "And Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." — Acts, c. vii., v. 22.

or that there really is, any immediate cause of quarrel between the geologists, and those who insist for the literal interpretation of Scripture upon the mere question of the earth's age. We apprehend that the real quarrel originates in other matters, on which geologists themselves have arrived at no precise conclusion. Mr. Beswick has a high and highly proper regard for revelation at the commencement of his work: thus he says —

"But we have an opinion, that mankind will less oppose the progress of science, when the important fact is seen in all its consequences, that, throughout the whole of the Sacred Writings, not a single scientific fact is revealed which was not known before: neither throughout the whole of our Lord's life, from birth to crucifixion, as recorded in the gospels, did he reveal a single scientific fact to mankind. This is a demonstration, that the object and mission of revelation, or of theological teaching, are not to make known scientific truth, but rather to make a right and true use — a sincere use — a charitable and philanthropic use — of whatever truth or knowledge we may already possess. This is proved by our Lord's mission. His constant end and aim was to direct the attention, in the use of natural truth and things, to what is spiritual, heavenly, and eternal. There is not a precept, saying, parable, private lecture to his disciples, or sermon on the mount, but what shows us that he directs the attention invariably to things of a spiritual nature. His constant subject of discourse was about heaven and hell, and the life of, and for each. As, for instance, the kingdom of heaven is likened to this and to that; lay not up treasures on earth, but treasures in heaven; fear not them which kill the body, but rather them which kill the soul; such was the invariable tendency and object of all that he said and did; consequently, of his mission. And are not his gospels the sublimest standard of theological teaching, and his life of a theological mission? yet he revealed not a single scientific truth to mankind. Shall we say that he, of whom such miracles are recorded to have been done from self-power, was ignorant of much scientific truth, then not known? this would be a display of ignorance indeed. The prophets, from Moses downwards, did not reveal a single scientific truth. Their mission, and that of revelation, is to teach the ultimate ends to be realized — to be intended and designed by the application and use of scientific truth."

If we concede this reasoning, its author will surely allow us to insist that this revelation, on which he professes to place — and we have no ground to suppose that he really does not place the highest value — did not make erroneous statements regarding natural science or historic facts. He will allow, we presume, that while it in no part professes to be what his work is styled, "a new system of cosmogonical philoso-

phy," yet in no part does it offer a distinct statement on any subject whatever which is not also a distinct fact. We turn from the commencement to the termination of his pamphlet — where, page 154 and onward, he says —

"The existence of boulders on the north-eastern shores of Great Britain, the east of Iceland, the south-east of Greenland, and especially on the north-east of North America, or that region contiguous to Europe, and their non-existence both in South America and in the *southern latitudes* of North America, considered in connexion with the direction of the Great Northern belt of the same kind of stones, forcibly leads us to the conclusion, that the precessional circulation of the waters of the ocean had carried these masses of granite from the north of Europe, and projected them upon the north-eastern localities of North America, where they would be deposited before they could be glided, or cast upon the South American shores. It must have been since this last precessional retreat of the ocean that the debris matter on and about the prominences, the mountains, hills, and rocks, of Europe and Asia, has been formed by disintegration. From the same period we may date the formation of our alluvial matter, by the deposition of flowing streams, rivers, &c., and the origin of the latter also. In fact, the whole of the present superficial arrangement of Europe and Asia commenced from this epoch. It was then our present vegetation began its existence; our rivers to widen their borders at one place, and fill up in others; and our different classes of animals to multiply and spread themselves over the surface. It was then that colonies of men coming from the nearest habitable locality, Caucasia, spread themselves along its retreating borders, thus passing over central and northern Europe, forming establishments in what are now known as Germany, Poland, European Russia, and Scandinavia. And as the waters retreated, gradually spread themselves over Greece, Italy, Spain, France, Britain, &c., everywhere carrying with them the *TRADITION of the DELUGE or FLOOD which had covered the whole earth they were then colonizing*; though, in consequence of all records and stories being then composed according to a science of correspondency, the tradition of the Deluge would, by them, have a meaning distinct from the literal fact.

"We may now see the truth of that long disputed subject, and the reason why the Chinese, inhabiting the shores, *east of this flood*, have records much older than those of European nations;\* also those nations inhabiting the *southern range of this FLOOD*, viz., India, Persia, Arabia with Chaldea, Egypt, and Africa.

"Hence, at the supposed time of the Mosaic deluge, about 4,000 years since, these nations had arrived at a degree of perfection in the arts and sciences which is a marvel to this learned age, and of which we can form no conception.

\* See M. de Fortia d'Urban's History of China before the deluge of Ogyges.

individual stars. They were too late, however, for a myth had been written, and four editions sold, under the title of "*Vestiges of Creation*," which became a very popular book, especially amongst fine young gentlemen who liked to believe that they were descended by regular succession from reptiles and toads, and had a very fair chance of being re-transmuted into reptiles. This myth was founded mainly on the nebulae theory. It appealed to facts. It appealed to the nebulae fact. But now it appears that this was no fact whatever—and only a mistake. So it may fare with Mr. Beswick's facts, perhaps. They may be resolved, just as Earl Rosse's telescope resolved the nebulae.

It is not the theory regarding the age of the world—that is, respecting the existence of the earth in some form, under some organization, previous to its present era—that those who believe in the literal interpretation of Scriptural statements consider to be objectionable; but those grave, yet incidental fancies, unconnected with the main theory, that are thrown into the bargain—fancies so extravagant as the existence and prosperity of the Egyptians more than six thousand years since.

Mr. Beswick's creed we understand to be what he styles "the orbital theory;" and he believes that a long while ago, more than eight hundred thousand years—for that period has been occupied, he thinks, by our transitions—this globe was dashed off in a chaotic form, and at a high degree of temperature—very hot indeed. Since then it has been occupied in cooling, and spinning itself into the orbital form. In that respect it has been making progress, and in the lapse of ages will become perfect as to shape, and, in consequence, perfect as to many other matters—such as the regularity of seasons; but, unfortunately, it is threatened with another partial deluge, almost as the consequence of its perfection, though, as this will only occur six thousand to twelve thousand years hence, our readers, in general, are perfectly safe from its consequences. Mr. Beswick will, we hope, observe, that this theory also contradicts another distinct statement of Scripture, and illustrates our previous position—that it is not the leading geological statements, but the fancies of speculators, based on no foundation stronger than the theorist's imagination, that are obnoxious to the charge mentioned by this writer.

The geological writers and lecturers who build too rapidly a theory on an observance, and not on a fact, are themselves liable to the charge of bringing scientific pursuits into disrepute. Rashly-formed theories from partial and incomplete inquiries are susceptible to the most profound objections. They have been made, supported,

proved, as it was thought; and they vanished one after another, until we have enjoyed a very regular succession of errors. This experience might teach caution in affirming any opinion as not merely probable, but certain, until its evidence were found to be more conclusive than those statements on which a deluge, ten thousand years hence, or so, can be predicted; or even the opinion, that it is just eight hundred thousand years since the world was in a chaotic state; or 1,700,300 years since it was a comet, and in a state of vapor, can be maintained.

Even the unlearned amongst us, can perceive that this looseness in the supply of proof, and facility in accepting possibility, or even probability for evidence, disfigure works that display much anxious research on topics of the highest interest; and this pamphlet is one of these works.

We referred to the "*Vestiges of Creation*" in passing; and in the second work we are noticing, Mr. Ansted's "*Ancient World, or Picturesque Sketches of Creation*," we find at page 102 the following notice of "the theory of progression;"

"The reptiles thus appearing were not, however, members of the group, through which the passage from sauroid fishes to true saurians takes place, but belonged to a higher form, and to a complicated type of that form. It seems clear, therefore, that, while progression and a general advance in point of organization is in one sense, a method observed by Nature, still there is not such a regular gradation, that an animal of lower organization can be supposed to be employed as the agent in introducing a higher group; this view, however plausible, not being borne out by observation, but, on the other hand, being distinctly contradicted by the results of geological and palaeontological investigation."

Professor Ansted's work teaches geology under a new and fascinating form. It assumes to be a history of the world, previous to the changes that occurred in what are styled the various epochs of creation. The material of this history is not to be found in records or libraries. The historian must examine one museum—but it is the world. He must trace hieroglyphics—but they are written on mountains and valleys by the Creator. He must inquire into the origin of matter, so far as an answer to inquiries can be obtained. The research is of the most interesting character, but we maintain that it has only commenced. Its history cannot yet be authentically produced. Still, even if hereafter other and great discoveries may appear to change the nature of our evidences, this volume will continue to be an interesting illustration of the progress attained by the present generation of geologists. Meanwhile, if we can suppose that what are now styled "facts" can be overthrown by

bridge station on a railway out of Jerusalem, which had a viaduct of 318 arches over the Valley of Jehosaphat—or some other valley, it matters nothing which. If any person doubts us, he can consult Brunetti, who will put it into his model. At this station a great accident occurred, in consequence of the last first-class carriage, in an express train, getting off the line, and the guards not paying attention—in point of fact, there being scarcely any guardianship—because Robert James Baal, Esquire, the chairman, and the other directors, wanted for the shareholders a dividend of eight and a fourth instead of seven and a half per cent., and could not afford two guards for each express train. The carriage being unnoticed, was dragged along for thirty-two and a third minutes, at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and several persons were killed. That is the origin of the myth which we find in Scripture, where Mr. Baal is used to employ a principle; sometimes, also, set forth under the personification of R. D. S. Mammom, Esq., who was the original chairman of the company, and ultimately retired to his estates and villa, near Sodom, with a large fortune acquired by bearing the company's scrip on the bourse of Babylon. Of course, the prophets, standing in those days, in the position of troublesome newspaper reporters—"the vermin of the press"—a phrase erroneously ascribed to a celebrated songstress, though, no doubt, originating in a committee-room that shall be nameless, where the only music is the porter's bell and the engine's whistle: these prophets, who were perpetually interfering with the amusements and money-getting habits of society, made a myth of this fatal accident, and the evidence, as it appeared on the coroner's inquest held at Bethlehem—which we in our days have read wrong; but now the matter is explained, and the entire transaction, we trust, placed upon an intelligent footing. Such is the advantage flowing from an enlightened criticism. The theory involves some singular corrections of modern history. For example, Sir Robert Peel is reported, in aristocratic language, to be without a grandfather. His father is said to have made a large fortune by the use of some extraordinary inventions in the cotton-spinning business. This vulgar impression is, however, quite a blunder. There were no such inventions of modern date. Gradually men invented the spinning machinery, but "jennies," and such things, probably of rude construction, were wrought in Manchester at the period of Agricola. So some old persons in Greenock detail, as things consistent with their own knowledge, various recollections of the celebrated hero of antiquity, James Watt. The whole matter curiously illustrates the prog-

ress of mental mystification. James Watt, if ever he existed at all, must have watched his mother's tea-kettle, some afternoon when that matron was to have an old friend from the desert to tea with her, nearly 800,000 years ago, in a cottage, not on the banks of the Clyde, but those of the Nile—perhaps below the cataracts, although some authorities point to the uppermost regions of Upper Egypt. Most probably, however, James Watt had no real existence, but is a myth—neither man nor mite, but myth. So in reference to Robert Napier, whose steamers are so highly famed that one of them is said to have beaten the Fairy in speed, he is an allegory, that may be depended on, and his works are thoroughly allegorical.

Commonplace persons, who will not investigate theories and their deductions, may style all these statements extravagantly absurd; but we beg to tell them that they are neither absurd nor Pickwickian, but good sound Beswickian consequences from "a new system of cosmogonical philosophy."

We turn, in a serious and staid mood, to the book, and its beginning, page 8, for the purpose of making the following extract:—

"If objectors to our philosophy think that the letter of the Divine Word contains the real truth, as to scientific subjects, and if, likewise, they believe it, then why fear an appeal to fact?"

But what is fact? Objectors are asked to appeal to fact. They are justified, therefore, in asking for a fact. The nebulae theory was considered a fact three years ago. After explaining it—and we must say in passing that the explanations in this pamphlet display much research and acquaintance with the subjects—after its explanation at page 31, the author says—

"Here, it will be observed, the nebular theory is coupled with that of gravitation; nay, that it is, in fact, nothing more than the theory of gravitation applied to the elucidation of certain phenomena, or certain appearances of a self-luminous matter, with a view to show that it is the substance from which all the stellar bodies and astral systems are made.

"But could it be proved, that this apparently self-shining fluid is nothing else than an extensively vast system of stars—so distant, that it appears like an irregularly dim cloud of light—then, of course, this Theory would be proved to be not rooted in the nature of things—to have no ground in which to germinate and flourish, or to receive the culture of successive generations; because, no longer consistent with know fact."

Then he tells us that this is exactly what occurred. The Earl of Rosse and Dr. Nichol smote the nebulae hip and thigh. They made an end of the theory one fine and clear evening, by discovering that the nebulae were clusters of

ed between the conclusion of the first great series of deposits in England, and the commencement of the next; nor is it for us to assert that the wild and chaotic confusion resulting in all those violent dislocations of the hardest strata, which we so readily observe, was in any way inconsistent with the existence of life in many other parts of the world, now, perhaps, covered with hundreds of fathoms of salt water. But I would not dwell on this possibility, for I wish only to speak of what is known; nor can it be necessary to wander into the field of conjecture or romance, in order to obtain a striking picture of a former state of existence which shall exhibit all the charm of novelty, both in the outline and coloring. Without any such conjectures, of one thing, at least, we are certain, that during this interval, whatever it may have been, and however it may have been occupied in various parts of the world, every species of animal, and almost every vegetable, seems to have been replaced by some new one, not differing much, perhaps, from the former, or performing another office, but yet different, exhibiting an instance of the rich variety of nature, and an effect of that law of universal dissolution which appears to influence species, as well as individuals, allotting to each its appointed time, and causing each to pass through the different phases of imperfect development, full growth, and vigor, and their gradual but certain decay and death."

The interval referred to is from the first to the second period—probably, as we should understand it, from the completion of the first to the commencement of the second great change, if it be supposed that these stages had any permanent platform, and were not a perpetual succession of universal agitations. There is an assumption in the third sentence of the last extract which breaks the bargain made with us in the second. That bargain was that we were to have no conjectures—that we were only to "hear what is known"—an important feature, certainly, in a history, but not long maintained, for at once we have a conjecture served up as a fact known, or at least as something very apparent—namely, that some law influences all species, securing their gradual but certain decay and death. This is a favorite assumption with geologists; but in and through material science it never has been and it cannot be demonstrated. That certain species of animals have been created, and have disappeared, may be conceded, although we are not so fully conversant with the globe, and the denizens of earth and water, as to hold that to be clearly proved; but if it were proved, still the rule might only be of partial application, and arising from no fatality or decaying energy in the species, but from the increasing power of its foes. There once were herds of wolves in Britain; and we presume that there is not now an individual of the species in

a wild state; but their destruction was caused, not by inherent decay, but the increase of external power. Their enemies multiplied, discovered new agencies of destruction, and extirpated them, although the last of the race may have possessed all the vigor and power that characterized his earliest progenitor. Towards the close of the first epoch, Professor Ansted affords the following sketch of the state of society:—

"We pass on now from the consideration of this chapter in the world's history. We have seen, first of all, how the earth lay buried in the dark obscurity of its early state, when the only rocks of mechanical origin consisted of huge masses of decomposed and pounded granite, broken into fragments by the disruption of the first thin shell of solid matter; and in these deposits no evidence has yet been obtained of any created thing having existed, either animal or vegetable. We have traced the history from this time through the period when a few worms crawled on the mud and sand of the newly-made shores of the ocean, when to these were added other lower forms of animal existence, and when marine vegetables first contributed to the subsistence of its inhabitants. We have watched the appearance of its denizens, as they, one after another, or in groups, present themselves, and have seen how different were these from the present tenants of the sea, and yet how like them, and how evidently and admirably adapted to perform the part assigned them; and we have thus gazed upon the first doubtful and misty appearance of light and life, as they have become visible in the morning of creation by slow degrees, and through a long twilight. Trilobites, brachiopods, shell fish of various kinds, are seen to abound; and the cuttle fish or creatures nearly allied, and not so highly organized, reign for a time undisputed lords of the sea. At length their reign terminated; other animals, of higher and more complicated functions succeeded, and the waters, after long preparation, became fit for the presence of fishes. These, at first of small size, and comparatively powerless, soon increased rapidly, both in number and dimensions, and encased in impenetrable armour, seem to have delighted in the troubled ocean, where the coarse conglomerate of the old red sandstone was being accumulated; and for a long while these less perfect species of the class were predominant. In time, however, other fishes sprung up, the old ones were displaced, and a new, vigorous, and powerful group of animals came into the field, endowed with exuberant life, and darting with speed and almost irresistible force through the water. Land, also, richly clothed with vegetation, even to the water's edge, contributed to support this abundant flow of life; and some few land animals of high organization appear to have been associated with the insects and the fresh-water animals whose remains have been preserved. But few, indeed, were the tenants of the land, so far as we can judge, when compared with those of the ocean; and while we have in so many parts of the world a rich sup-

subsequent inquiries, still we have an addition to the stock of most readable books, for Professor Ansted's volume is not excelled by any other romance. We may explain thus much, that by the term "facts," in its use in the previous sentence, we mean rather "deductions" from "facts." Certain things appear in a particular form, under specified circumstances. These are facts which cannot be overthrown. Deductions are formed from these premises, presumed to be facts, and so called, although they are merely opinions, resting, as we believe, often on a narrow basis, too narrow for the superstructure reared. We are quite prepared to find these deductions greatly modified, by the application of closer reasoning to our present knowledge than we have yet observed, or by the extension of that knowledge.

This history is divided into three periods; the first current from a time antecedent to the introduction of life down to the appearance of land; the second, from the formation of the new red sandstone to the termination of the middle epoch, which, according to this author, is not clearly marked; the third, from the introduction of land animals.

Without endeavouring to trace this long history in its various stages, which would be a task equivalent to rewriting the work, we shall quote the author's statements regarding one or two particular periods. The entire tendency of the work is to disprove the idea of progression—that is, the opinion that organization proceeded step by step from a low to a higher development, until, finally, men sprang from monkeys. This theory, which scarcely merited a minute refutation, because it might have been successfully dealt with in a shorter way, is shown to be thoroughly inconsistent with facts, and with the frequent appearance of superior pre-existing organizations. This view of the remains in deposits is to be found in several passages, and we extract one from page 99, &c. :—

"But the great reptilian fish were not the only inhabitants of the sea during this period, nor were they even the only ones of large size and possessed of great strength and voracity. Not less than sixty species belonging to various genera, all nearly allied to the shark tribe, and some of them of very large proportions, are indicated by the remains of teeth discovered in various localities in limestones, sandstones, and shales of the Carboniferous series; and thirty-three species have been determined from fragments of fins and detached vertebræ from the same beds. Now, as there are no more than seven species of shark-like animals determined from the fossils of the old red sandstone, even including two which may be identical with some of the other five, it seems that a great and important change had taken place in the introduction of a large num-

ber of species of this class, which was very imperfectly represented at first, but which continued important for a very long time, and still forms a group performing a distinct part in the economy of creation." \* \* \* \* \*

"The numerous rays, or bony spines, called *Ichthyodorulites*, so often found fossil in these and newer strata, seem to be identical with the bony spine with which the Port Jackson shark is provided, and which, being movable, and attached to a fin, enables the animal to turn itself readily on its back while swimming. These spines are variously marked, according to the species or genus to which they belong. They will be described at greater length in a future chapter, when treating of lias fossils.

"See then the great and striking change that had supervened towards the close of this carboniferous period. The corals and the encrinites remained with little alteration of general form; the trilobites were nearly extinct, and seem but scantily replaced by other crustaceans; the brachiopoda had assumed new forms, which some of them retained long afterwards, and which are even handed down to the present day; the ordinary bivalve and univalve shells were gradually increasing; and the prevailing cephalopoda, retaining up to this period the elongated straight form of orthoceratites, were also developed in the spiral form seen in goniatites, and afterward continued in ammonites, a form better fitted perhaps for the altered conditions of the sea, and the greater stir of life that was about to succeed. But the fishes present the newest and most striking appearances. The minute, but probably fierce and voracious species which first marked the introduction of this class of animals, had been succeeded by a comparatively clumsy and awkward race, coarse feeders, of small size, and indifferent swimmers, but covered either with strong plaited armor or with fine coats of mail, and apparently very abundantly distributed. These lasted for a time, but then gave way to the advance of other and higher groups. Innumerable sharks of all sizes, and perhaps of many forms, rapid and powerful swimmers, fiercely and insatiably carnivorous, were associated with huge monstrous fishes, more resembling reptiles than any of their own class at the present day, and incredibly powerful and voracious. The fishes at this time had attained, it would seem, their maximum of development in point of vigor, and in some respects, (though in some respects only, and by analogy) in structure; and it is not a little interesting to find, that at this point, so far as we can tell, the true reptiles were actually introduced (the remains of that class being indicated in the coal measures, and actually found in the magnesian limestone associated with carboniferous species of fishes)."

The basis on which Professor Ansted constructs his history may be understood from a very brief extract :—

"There are no means whatever by which we can at present determine how long a time elaps-

ply of the vegetable remains of that period, there are only to be quoted the fragments of a scorpion, one or two foot-marks, and such like indications that nature was not inactive, though the conditions for preserving any terrestrial animal remains were so eminently unfavorable, that there is only just sufficient evidence to satisfy us of the fact."

In commencing his account of the second epoch of the world's earliest history, the author states that a complete change occurred in the nature and character of the animals by whom it was inhabited. Unlike Mr. Beswick, he does not attempt to calculate the lapse of time requisite for these changes, and the epochs, or periods, which he describes, are not measured by time, but by the remnants of organization yet to be found in the various strata of the earth's surface. "The close of the first epoch," he says, "was marked by great subsidencies of the land, by the swallowing up of continents and islands into the sea, and by accompanying violent dislocations of these fractured materials of strata." Such is the common opinion of geologists. It is to be accepted simply as an opinion formed by those who have given the greatest thought and research to this subject. Still it is not a demonstration. The looseness of the proof may be best observed from our next extract:—

"We have seen that, even up to the very close of the earlier epoch, there is no distinct and unquestionable evidence of the nature and position of the land on which grew the vast forests from which coal was elaborated. Here and there it has seemed that the trees of which we find fragments, must have grown on the spot where broken trunks are now apparently attached to their roots, the roots and trunks being buried together in the very soil from which they obtained their nourishment. But these instances are rare and exceptional; and although we may be certain that the land was not far off, yet its exact position, and whether it was a continent or an island, or a group of islands, whether it extended southwards or northwards, whether it occupied what is now the Atlantic Ocean, or was shaped like Europe, and represented the two north-eastern continents, we cannot satisfactorily determine. Perhaps the most probable opinion is, that an extensive archipelago, like that near the eastern shores of Asia, was the remnant of a sinking tract throughout a great part of the north temperate zone; that portions of that tract, now forming parts of England and Central Europe, remained thus for a long time in shallow water, the recipients of many deposits; but that during this time the other tracts were too deeply submerged, and too far from land, to receive such additions."

It is difficult to form any thing out of these guesses that merits even to be ranked as respectable theory. We are told by geologists, at one

time, that boulders, broken from granite cliffs, were conveyed by a flood of water from the north-eastern districts of Europe to the South American continent. We are told by other geologists, that "the vegetation which formed the coal deposits, we may be certain, was produced from land not far off from its present position;" that, farther, "some tracts were too deeply submerged, and too far from land, to receive such additions." To us it would seem that depth of submersion might be a valid objection to the deposit of vegetable matter, but distance from the land where it was produced, could not stand in the way, since granite boulders are said to have been floated from the north-east of Europe to Southern America. This presupposes No. 1, the miracle of the creation of granite: No. 2, of a convulsion to chip it into boulders: No. 3, of a very terrible flood to float them away five or six thousand miles. The old-fashioned way of accounting for these things, namely, that they were created near the spot where they are found, if less satisfactory, is simpler than the scientific mode. We are inclined to guess that the vegetation of the coal deposits is to be explained on this principle. We do not think it is far travelled. We believe it grew near by the spots whence it is dug. There are closely analogical cases in the present state of the earth's surface. We find trees imbedded in moss where there are no living trees, and in districts of the country where no similar species is now found; and we know that the production of these trees is within the limits of written and accredited history. We see, also, that the common peat and turf, when sufficiently compressed under machines of considerable power, are resolved into a substance not differing greatly in its nature from coal, but of finer quality. At the same time there is reason to believe, that the vegetation of which they are composed grew on the site of the present nurses; but if it had been compressed by a very powerful flood of water, casting over it heavy strata, especially under atmospherical influences that we cannot realize—even if it had merely been compressed by a sufficiently powerful weight of matter—would have been resolved into one species of coal.

Our space does not permit us to pursue this subject further; but we are anxious to copy a few additional extracts from Professor Ansted's delightful book. The second epoch of the earth's history he regards as the age of reptiles:—

"Of all the ancient lines of seacoast that have yet been introduced to our notice, there is none more interesting than that of the new red sandstone sea, for we find there not only marks of worms and the ripple of the water, but almost

every other marking that can be imagined likely to have been made under such circumstances; and among these are distinct traces of the passage of numerous four-footed animals of various different kinds. Every one will remember the astonishment which Robinson Crusoe is represented to have felt at the sight of a human foot-print on the island which he thought deserted; and scarcely less surprising or interesting was the first discovery of these indications of animal existence in a rock so barren of fossils as the new red sandstone, and in a formation in which, till then, there had been no suspicion of the existence of any animals more highly organized than fishes. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that such foot-prints do occur; and although very little is to be determined from the mere form of the extremity, still even that little is of the greatest possible interest, when, as in the case before us, it is nearly the whole extent of our information. It is especially interesting to find that the foot-marks exhibit indications of some animals entirely different from those whose actual remains occur in the bed, and of some which present only faint and distant analogies with modern species, but which are yet made out by studying the peculiarities indicated in the rarest and most interesting of the fossils.

"Of all the reptiles at present found on the earth, the frogs, both in their young state as tadpoles, and in many peculiarities of structure, seem to form the nearest connecting link with the fishes; and since there are few distinct analogies between recent species of reptiles and either birds or quadrupeds, the whole order REPTILIA now forms an imperfect and isolated group, better adapted, it has been suggested, for a planet in an earlier stage of its existence, than for one peopled as our earth is at present.

"The secondary or middle period of the earth's history, however, as made known to us by the study of fossils, may be looked upon as the age during which reptiles preponderated, and we shall find amongst the organic remains of this period a great number of forms tending to give considerable insight into the plan of creation with reference to this important department of zoölogy."

The "horrors" of that period were happily over before man came upon the stage. The earth has been filled with deceit, and crime, and bloodshed, and oppression, since our race took possession. We are bad; the reptiles, our ancestors, according to the "Vestiges," were clearly worse:—

"There were then, perhaps, existing, on or near the land, some of those reptiles which I shall describe in the next chapter; and with them were associated some true crocodelians, not much unlike the fresh-water garial inhabiting the Ganges. These, perhaps, might occasionally swim out to sea, and be found in the neighbouring shoals.

"But these shoals were alive with myriads of invertebrated animals; and crowds of sharks

hovered about, feeding upon the larger forms. There were also numerous other animals, belonging to those remarkable groups which I have attempted to describe in some detail. Imagine, then, one of these monstrous animals, a *Plesiosaurus*, some sixteen or twenty feet long, with a small wedge-shaped crocodelian head, a long arched serpent-like neck, a short compact body, provided with four large and powerful paddles, almost developed into hands; an animal not covered with brilliant scales, but with a black slimy skin. Imagine for a moment this creature slowly emerging from the muddy banks, and half walking, half creeping along, making its way towards the nearest water. Arrived at the water, we can understand from its structure that it was likely to exhibit greater energy. Unlike the crocodile tribe, however, in all its proportions it must have been equally dissimilar in habit. Perhaps, instead of concealing itself in mud or among rushes, it would swim at once boldly and directly to the attack. Its enormous neck stretched out to its full length, and its tail acting as a rudder, the powerful and frequent strokes of its four large paddles would at once give it an impulse, sending it through the water at a very rapid rate. When within reach of its prey we may almost fancy that we see it drawing back its long neck as it depressed its body in the water, until the strength of the muscular apparatus with which this neck was provided, and the great additional impetus given by the rapid advance of the animal, would combine to produce a stroke from the pointed head which few living animals could resist. The fishes—including, perhaps, even the sharks—the larger cuttle-fish and innumerable inhabitants of the sea, would fall an easy prey to this monster.

"But now let us see what goes on in the deeper abysses of the ocean, where a free space is given for the operations of that fiercely carnivorous marine reptile, the *Ichthyosaurus*. Prowling about at a great depth, where the reptilian structure of its lungs and the bony apparatus of the ribs, would allow it to remain for a long time without coming to the air to breathe, we may fancy we see this strange animal, with its enormous eyes directed upwards, and glaring like globes of fire; its length is some thirty or forty feet, its head being six or eight feet long; and it has paddles and a tail like a shark. Its whole energies are fixed on what is going on above, where the *Plesiosaurus*, or some giant shark, is seen devouring its prey. Suddenly striking with its short but compact paddles, and obtaining a powerful impetus by flapping its large tail, the monster darts through the water at a rate which the eye can scarcely follow, towards the surface. The vast jaws, lined with formidable rows of teeth, soon open wide to their full extent; the object of attack is approached—is overtaken. With a motion quicker than thought the jaws are snapped together, and the work is done. The monster, becoming gorged, floats languidly near the surface, with a portion of the top of its head and its nostrils visible, like an island covered with black mud, above the water.

"Such scenes as these must have been every day enacted during the many ages when the waters of ocean were spread over what is now land in the eastern hemisphere, and when the land then adjacent provided the calcareous mud now forming the lias.

"But a description of such scenes of horror and carnage, enacted at former periods of the earth's history, may perhaps induce some of my readers to question the wisdom that permitted, nay, enacted them, and conclude rashly that they are opposed to the ideas we are encouraged to form of the goodness of that Being, the necessary action of whose laws, enforced on all living beings, gives rise to them. By no means, however, is this the case. These very results are perfectly compatible with the greatest wisdom and goodness, and, even according to our limited views of the course of nature, they may be shown not to involve any needless suffering to us men, constituted as we are, and looking upon death as a punishment which must be endured, premature and violent destruction seems to involve unnecessary pain. But such is not the law of nature as it relates to animal life in general. The very exuberance and abundance of life is at once obtained and kept within proper bounds by this rapacity of some great tribes. A lingering death—a natural decay of those powers which alone enable the animal to enjoy life, would, on the contrary, be a most miserable arrangement for beings not endowed with reason, and not assisting one another. It would be cruelty, because it would involve great and hopeless suffering. Death by violence is to all

unreasoning creatures the easiest death, for it is the most instantaneous, and therefore, no doubt, it has been ordained that, throughout large classes, there should be an almost indefinite rate of increase, accompanied by destruction, rapid and complete, in a corresponding degree, since in this way only the greatest amount of happiness is ensured, and the pain and misery of slow decay of the vital powers prevented. All nature, both living and extinct, abounds with facts proving the truth of this view, and it would be as unreasonable to doubt the wisdom and goodness of this arrangement, as it would be to call in question the mutual adaptation of each part in the great scheme of creation. No one who examines nature for himself, however superficially, can doubt the latter; and no one, certainly, who duly considers the laws ordained for the general government of the world, can believe it possible for these laws to have acted without a system of compensation, according to which the vital energies of one tribe serve to prepare food for the development of higher powers in another."

We have never read a scientific work with greater interest. The history may be true or false. The author rather offers it as his impressions, or deductions from his observations; but that scarcely detracts from the interest of his speculations regarding the period when the earth was without form, and void; when neither reason nor responsibility was to be found amid its darkness.—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

## THE SCOTCH COLONY OF OTAGO.

A remarkable plan of colonization has just been brought under public notice in Scotland.

Every body is aware that New Zealand, consisting of three islands in the Southern Ocean, is one of the finest countries in the world as respects soil, climate, natural productions, and suitability for supporting a large civilized community—a country worthy of becoming the Great Britain of the Southern Hemisphere. This fine country, however, has from various causes been hitherto ill adapted for immigration. It was occupied at first by a company of settlers without the sanction of their government, which recognized New Zealand as an independent state, and at length assumed the sovereignty with reluctance. Even after this step, much time was wasted in discussing the proprietary rights of the chiefs, till, through neglect and misconception, the country was driven into a petty war between the natives and Europeans, which disturbed every thing, and almost ruined the reputation of the colony at home.

It was an association for colonizing on a great scale, called the New Zealand Company, whose grievances were neither few nor small, which at length brought the subject under the review of parliament; and to avert consequences damaging the character of one of his colleagues, Sir Robert Peel, with much magnanimity, acknowledged that there had been serious blunders in the whole line of policy pursued, and promised that every proper amends should be made. Since that time, one thing after another has been set to rights; the New Zealand Company has been put in a position to fulfil its intentions and engagements; and by the latest accounts, the miserable claims of the natives—the source of much of their enmity and strife—have been settled by the payment of a few thousand pounds. With an intelligent governor, and a garrison of two thousand soldiers, no new disturbance is likely to break the peace of the colony.

New Zealand, thus rescued from mismanagement, and with its liberties guaranteed by acts

of parliament, now stands in interesting relationship to the home country.\* It forms a field for immigration more favorable, we believe, than almost any other crown colony, and we may soon expect to hear of its becoming a scene of thriving industry and comfort. It would, nevertheless, fail in realizing this expectation if emigration were left to be conducted on the haphazard principle which has latterly been pursued. Here a little explanation is desirable. About the middle of the seventeenth century, the principal North American colonies were founded by Sir George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, and others, by patents from the crown. These patents gave a very extensive authority, and, in effect, permitted the patentees to colonize districts with hosts of persons from the mother country, as circumstances appeared to direct. The patentee was a kind of petty sovereign, while the colonists under him formed the elements of a nation, to whom were assured the privileges of British subjects. All these colonies were ultimately successful. They had at first serious difficulties to contend with, such as the clearing of the forest, and fights with their Indian neighbours; but in the end they got over all obstacles, and history shows with what a masculine spirit they wrested an acknowledgment of independence from the crown of these realms. Since that era, colonization has been one of the lost arts. Instead of a nobleman, like Baltimore, or a hero, like Penn, leading out great bodies of men to the wilderness, and constructing from the first an epitome of British society — gentlemen, scholars, teachers, merchants, tradesmen, agriculturists, mechanics, and laborers — it has been the practice for a poor struggling class of individuals to emigrate in detached families, and these being without friends or leaders, have usually had to endure many hardships. Besides the discomforts which too commonly attend this species of emigration, colonists are scattered over a very wide district of country; and society amongst them is of slow and feeble growth. An attempt to colonize on something like the old method is

now to be made, the main difference being, that instead of a nobleman with a patent, there is to be a company with a charter. One of the old usages in colonizing was the establishing a provision for religious instruction, according to a distinct form of belief — one was a Church of England, another was a Puritan, a third was a Roman Catholic colony; and it is worth while mentioning, in passing, that Lord Baltimore's Roman Catholic colony of Maryland was the province in which toleration and shelter were first given to persons not of the legalized religion. There is no doubt something invidious in favoring one sect beyond all others, yet, as respects colonizing, the practice is not without its recommendations. It forms an inducement for a large body of individuals to band together on a basis of common sympathy. The assurance that, on landing, the emigrant will find the whole machinery of his favorite religious and secular instruction in operation, cannot but prove a strong temptation to break loose from old associations at home. Without imitating the general intolerance of the American colonizers, the New Zealand Company proposes to carry out the principle of denominational settlements. Having acquired by its charter vast tracts of land, it offers to deal with parties for erecting colonies of a particular religious denomination. In this manner it has arranged to plant a settlement in connection with the Church of England, and also one in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, the latter being a numerous body of Presbyterians, occupying the position of dissenters from the national church. It is of this last-mentioned settlement we propose to speak. We draw attention to it on no sectarian grounds, but solely from a wish to give as correct an idea as possible of what will probably be one of the most interesting movements of the day.

The district apportioned to this Scotch colony is situated in the Middle Island of New Zealand, near its southern extremity, south latitude 45 degrees 40 minutes to 46 degrees 20 minutes. It comprises 400,000 acres of land, and is called Otago; such, we suppose, being the name given to the spot by the natives. The capital of Otago is to be called Dunedin, that being the Celtic name for Edinburgh, and therefore appropriate. The locality of the proposed settlement is between eight and nine hundred miles from the scene of the disturbances, which took place near the northern end of the Northern Island. It is believed that there are no more than one thousand natives in the whole of the Middle Island; and in the large district of Otago, there are only about fifty men, women, and children in all, none of whom are likely to give any offence. The settlement has a coast line of from fifty to

\* The following acts of parliament deserve attention:—Act 9-10 Vict., cap. 103, and Orders in Council, whereby representative government, on a liberal scale, is awarded to New Zealand, together with municipal charters for local purposes; and the jurisdiction under these charters will in each case extend over the whole territory of the particular settlement. Act 9-10 Vict., cap. 352, and charters, constituting the New Zealand Company a colonising body. Act 10-11 Vict., cap. 112, and the agreement concluded on 14th May 1847, whereby the future colonisation of New Zealand is to be the joint operation of the Crown and the Company, and that harmony of action which had hitherto been desiderated is thoroughly secured. With such titles, individual property and possession on the part of settlers are equally secure as any in Great Britain; whilst the liberties and privileges of British subjects are also secured to them as colonists.

sixty miles in length, lying between the mouth of Otago harbour and a headland called the Nuggetts. It extends an average distance inland of seven miles, to the foot of a low mountain range. The land is fertile, and untimbered, but with an adequate supply of wood. The most remarkable feature in the district is the great facility of internal water communication. Its surface is diversified by several streams and lagoons, to which the land has easy slopes. The basin called Otago Harbour, is a fine land-locked sheet of water, fourteen miles in length, of which the lower half, being seven miles long, has a depth of from six to fifteen fathoms water, and the upper half from two to three fathoms. Vessels may sail up to and unload at the quay. At the upper end of the lower harbour is placed the Port Tower, with five fathoms water close in-shore; \* and further on, at the head of the basin, is the site of Dunedin, sheltered by an amphitheatre of green and wooded hills. "Outside the boundary of Otago, to the westward," says Colonel Wakefield, in a letter to the secretary of the New Zealand Company, "there is an extensive tract of pasture-land, boundless to the view, untrodden by the foot of man, and affording abundant food for sheep and cattle during the whole year, with the exception of a few weeks in winter, when the uplands are covered with snow, during which time the plains and valleys yield a more abundant herbage than in the heats of summer." Speaking of the climate of the district, Mr. Munro, in the 'New Zealand Journal,' observes:—"On the large plain, the climate appears to be a good deal like our own. The weather, while we lay at Otago, was most beautiful. (It was the end of April, answering to October in Europe.) The sky, a great part of the time, was without a cloud; and not a breeze ruffled the surface of the water, which reflected the surrounding wooded slopes, and every sea-bird that floated upon it, with mirror-like accuracy. For some hours after sunrise, the woods resounded with the rich and infinitely-varied notes of thousands of this and other songsters. I never heard any thing like it before in any part of New Zealand. It completely agreed with Captain Cook's description of the music on the wooded banks of Queen Charlotte's Sound. During this fine weather we amused ourselves by boating about, and visiting different parts of the harbour. Though everywhere beautiful, its scenery is all alike, steep wooded banks, with projecting rocky promontories, enclosing those beautiful little bays with sandy beaches, so characteristic of New Zealand."

\* This is peculiar to Otago harbour, no other in New Zealand having the same advantage.

The district appears to be suitable for agriculture; pasturage, including the growth of wool; and the supply of furniture woods of great hardness and beauty. The coast is already a resort of whale fishers; and in the various parts of the country, coal has been found in abundance, cropping out on the surface. With these objects of enterprise before them, and with an unrivalled climate overhead, the colonists will have little to fear. Of course, in the case of those who commence operations, there will be some roughnesses to encounter, and a little time must elapse before the settlement assumes a substantial aspect. But it is the design of the projectors to get things into shape as speedily as possible. The colony is to embrace certain varieties of property, corresponding to different classes of persons, each of whom will betake himself to the pursuit most suitable to his capital and tastes.

The New Zealand Company is the seller of the lands, and the party who transfers emigrants to the colony. No one, however, is accepted who is not recommended through the agency of the 'Lay Association of the Free Church.' This is a body of respectable individuals, whose headquarters are in Edinburgh (5, George Street) and in Glasgow (3, West Nile Street); and governed by arrangements sanctioned and approved by the General Assembly of their communion. A person, therefore, who inclines to become a settler in Otago, requires to apply to a secretary of the association at either of the above places; if approved of, he makes a deposit, the receipt for which places him in connection with the New Zealand Company. Looking over the pamphlets issued by the Association, we observed that priority in choosing allotments of land will be determined by ballot at the Company's house in London (9, Broad Street Buildings), in presence of the directors. The allotments differ in dimensions and character. Of the 400,000 acres of which the settlement is composed, the quantity first operated on is to consist of 144,600 acres. These are to be divided into 2400 properties; and each property is to consist of 60 1-4 acres, divided into three allotments—namely, a town lot of a quarter of an acre, a suburban lot of ten acres, and a rural allotment of fifty acres.

The 2400 properties are to be appropriated in the following manner:—"2000 properties, or 120,500 acres, for sale to private individuals; 100 properties, or 6025 acres, for the estate to be purchased by the local municipal government; 100 properties, or 6025 acres, for the estate to be purchased by the trustees for religious and educational uses; and 200 properties, or 12,050 acres, for the estate to be purchased by the New Zealand Company. The price of the

land is to be fixed, in the first instance, at forty shillings an acre, or L.120, 10s. a property; to be charged on the estates of the municipal government, of the trustees for religious and educational uses, and of the New Zealand Company, in the same manner as on the 2000 properties intended for sale to private individuals; and the purchase-money, L.289,200, to be appropriated as follows, namely:—

Emigration and supply of labor (three eighths),	L.108,450
Civil uses, to be administered by the Company—namely, surveys and other expenses of founding the settlement, roads, bridges, and other improvements, including steam if hereafter deemed expedient, and if the requisite funds be found available (two-eighths),	72,300
Religious and educational uses, to be administered by trustees (one-eighth),	36,150
The New Zealand Company, on account of its capital and risk (two-eighths),	72,300

“From the sum of L.36,150 to be assigned to the trustees of religious and educational uses, will be defrayed L.12,050, the price of the 6025 acres to be purchased as the estate of that trust. In like manner, out of the sum of L.72,300 to be assigned to the New Zealand Company, will be defrayed L.24,100, the price of the 12,050 acres to be purchased by the Company as its estate.”

It will be perceived that the Company engages not only to carry the emigrant purchaser of land to Otago, but to send also a supply of laborers, free, by which means capitalists will be enabled at once to hire such assistance as they may require. We trust that no small degree of care will be exercised in adapting the supply of laborers to the demand for their services, and are glad to learn that means will be effectually adopted for preventing all kinds of gambling in town or other lots of land.

Only one thing more requires a word of explanation. Although avowedly a colony in connection with the Free Church, Otago is open to all classes of religionists. Every respectable

man, no matter what be his creed, is received as a brother; but all of course go with the understanding, that the religious ordinances and educational establishments of this Presbyterian body are alone to be guaranteed support from the fund set aside for purposes of this nature. If Episcopalians, for example, join in forming the settlement, they must look to themselves for means of religious and secular instruction suitable to their own feelings. By this arrangement, it is expected (perhaps too confidently) that all wrangling about division of funds for churches and schools—such as have vexed society in the northern settlements of New Zealand—will be effectually prevented. Without pronouncing any opinion on the merits of the plan proposed, we shall watch its development with interest, but not without the expectation, that when New Zealand becomes extensively and densely peopled, much broader schemes of social organization will predominate. Whatever be the future views of the colonists in this respect, the enterprise in the meanwhile, with all its peculiarities, cannot be looked on with indifference. Afforded every desirable means of carrying out their own notions, and secured the invaluable privilege of self-government, we shall see whether a body of Scotsmen can realize the opinions formed of their perseverance, love of order, and sagacity. The first body of settlers, we are told, are expected to leave the Clyde some time in October, headed by Captain William Cargill, the recognized agent of the Company for Otago, and who, on landing, will act as justice of peace till the municipal government is formed. The day of departure of the expedition will be an interesting one for Scotland. Who will not, in the language of the old blazon, wish that “God may send the good ship to its destined port?”—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*.

## COLLECTANEA.

### VINES ON RAILROAD EMBANKMENTS.

A correspondent of the *Daily News* throws out a hint to railway companies which is, at least, worth repeating for what it suggests,—even if he be over sanguine as to the particular growth which he recommends. “Travelling,” he says, “along the lines which now intersect the country in various parts, I have frequently been struck with the idea that the extensive embankments formed by the cuttings might be turned to good account by planting vineyards on that land which now lies idle. I am satisfied, from observation, that the sunny sides of these embankments are admirably adapted for the growth of

vines in most instances, particularly in Kent and Gloucestershire. In the twelfth century, we find mentioned that there were extensive vineyards in this country—above all in the two mentioned counties—the wine of which excelled all the rest of the kingdom, and was very little inferior to the French. The Isle of Ely was termed the Isle of Vines, and tithe was regularly taken of wines. It is only reasonable to suppose that vines, under the improved climate of this country, greater skill in cultivation, and general advancement in science, would be grown to higher perfection at the present day. Our first vines were transplanted from Gaul,

about the third century; and were peculiarly fitted for this climate, and even ripened in the frosts of advancing winter. The fruit was of the same color, and probably of the same species, as the black muscadine. An experiment of this kind might be tried without incurring much expense, and ultimately, perhaps, prove a source of considerable profit. It must, likewise, be remembered, that vines will grow where wheat would decidedly fail."—*Daily News*.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

*Pneumatic Process for Sinking Piles, &c.*—This process, for which Dr. Potts, of Buckingham Street, some time back obtained patents, and also the patronage of the Lords of the Admiralty, and the Trinity Board, is of such importance in all cases where submarine foundations are to be formed, that every body interested in scientific pursuits, and the success of those who have devoted their talents and labors to useful improvements, will be desirous of knowing something of the principle and manner of the invention. It is simply the application of the pneumatic process to the sinking of tubular iron piles. A hollow iron pile is placed upon the surface through which it is required to be sunk; by means of an air pump it is rendered a vacuum. This being effected, the sand, shingle, soil, water, &c., rush into it from the bottom, and as they rush in the pile descends by its own weight into the cavity left by their ascent. The sand, shingle, soil, and water, are then discharged from the pile by an apparatus for pumping; a fresh vacuum is formed, and the pile sinks further and further. A series of these piles are sunk, which may be filled with chalk, wood, or concrete, as the case may be, and tied together by bolts and nuts, by some similar contrivance, and the foundation of a sea wall, or the foundation of a lighthouse, pier, or breakwater, effectually formed. The process has been tried in the Goodwin Sands, and has been found to answer admirably. The rapidity with which the piles are sunk is very surprising. More is done in an hour by the air pump and a hollow iron tube than can be performed in a day, or even in a week, by the common method of driving a wooden pile with the weight called the "monkey." The invention is equally applicable to foundations for railways and bridges, and, indeed, in all places where wooden piles are required. The public are very much indebted to the inventor of this novel system for the aid he has afforded to practical science and engineering.

It is worth mentioning, as an indication of the change which is gradually making its way in the scheme of British University education, that classes of the living languages—English, German, and French—have been instituted at the Anderson University in Glasgow.

Among the number of serial libraries which are a feature of the day, M. Ballière has projected a "Library of Illustrated Scientific Works"—to commence with Prof. J. Müller's 'Physics and Meteorology.'

#### SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE AND BOOK OF THE MONTHS. By George Soane, B. A. 2 vols. Churton.

With the view of making out a case for the publication of the present work, the author has, in his preface, somewhat uncourtously depreciated the labors of his contemporaries in the same vocation. Thus, after repudiating all interference with D'Israeli's "Curiosities," Mr. Soane condemns Hone's "Every-Day Book" as "no more, for the most part, than a compilation from compilations;" Brand's "Popular Antiquities" carelessly and even ignorantly edited by Sir Henry Ellis; and Foster's "Perennial Calendar" as not giving much attention to the very topics which Mr. Soane has looked upon as most essential. It remains to be seen how far this treatment will propitiate the reception of the "New Curiosities;" that it is not a popular or successful mode of proceeding, very little experience in the world will satisfy any one.

The plan of the work is to give the nomenclature of each month; its climatology, and natural appearance, and phenomena; and its memorable days, &c., with details of national customs, relics of bygone ages, &c. Between the chronicles of each month is a chapter, bibliographical, antiquarian, or historical. In these sections the author manifests extensive acquaintance with the old English dramatists, poets, and chroniclers, as well as with the classics. A vast amount of clever illustration, by extract as well as disquisition, is the result. The long chapter of some sixty pages, on Rosicrucianism and Freemasonry, attacks the craft in good set terms; here is a specimen:—

"The grand secret of the Freemasons, derived, as they pretend, from Solomon, if not from Adam, should make them wiser, or better than their neighbours, or it is worth nothing. Has it done so? Experience replies that the fraterni-

ty, like any other association of human beings, contains both bad and good men — the worst, no worse than may be found elsewhere, and the best no better. In regard to art or science, as a body, they have taught mankind nothing; and, in regard to religion, they surely do not pretend to the knowledge of a purer faith than is in the Scriptures, or to a more perfect interpretation of them than is given to us by our numerous and well-paid clergy. Here is a dilemma, from which there is no escaping, even if they could get over the difficulty of their secret producing no effect upon themselves or others, and therefore being perfectly worthless. \* \* \*

"But the truth is, that Freemasonry belongs not to our times. It was the fiction of a credulous age, when, besides the vulgar religion, or popular mythology, the priests and philosophers had a secret system of their own, compelling the people, under severe penalties, to abide in ignorance, while they kept all the light they could collect to themselves. It was not much, to be sure, but what it was they retained and guarded with a barbarous and unrelenting jealousy. Such has been the case in all ages of which we have any record.

\* \* \*

"But the day of mysticism has gone by; and, though it is only the first dawn of real knowledge that is breaking upon us, yet, even in this early twilight men for the most part can see too plainly to be the dupes of such absurd pretensions. The very attempt, however, to continue them is an effort to perpetuate ignorance and error; and, upon this principle, the sooner the Freemasons lay aside their aprons and talk like the rest of the world, the better. And now let me say a few words in justice to the despised and abused alchemists, whose relationship the Freemasons are so anxious to deny; they, at least, amidst all their dreams and follies, had much practical knowledge, which is more than can be said of the Freemasons, simply considered as such, and were of service to mankind. If they did not find the philosopher's stone, they were not less the fathers of chemistry, and were much better informed in general than the world is willing to give them credit for."

The anecdotes of popular superstition abound with amusing antiquarian gossip, interspersed with some wholesome correctives of vulgar errors. Thus, the work will, doubtless, effect much good, at the same time that it will afford an ample store of amusement.

THE PICTORIAL BOOK OF BALLADS. Washbourne.

The popularity of the Ballad has been, in all ages, invariably great, however the character of

the composition may have changed with the progress of literary taste. Among some nations, the ancient Germans for instance, Ballads were the only annals. In Gaul, Britain, Wales, and Ireland, the bards were the panegyrists of warrior-merit. Edward I., we know, butchered the Welsh bards; but their compositions survived; and a writer, as late as Queen Elizabeth's time, describing North Wales, says: "Upon the Sundays and holidays, the multitudes of all sorts of men, women, and children, of every parish do use to meet in sundry places, either on some hill or on the side of some mountain, where their harpers and crowthers sing them the songs of the doings of their ancestors." But, instances of the love of Ballad lore may be found in the history of every age and country; their very dramatic spirit would seem to indicate the love of them as natural to man; and the proof is strong and abundant in our own country, from the famed "Cuckow Song" of the 13th century to the lyric of our own times —

*Bardorum citharas patrio qui reddidit istro.*

The embellished volume before us is likely to gratify this universal taste for ballad lore, and that to a large extent. It contains fifty ballads, each illustrated with an engraved head and tail-piece; yet the book is cheap almost beyond belief. The editor candidly avows that nothing critical nor recondite is to be looked for in the work, the object of which is simply to bring under the notice of those who might be considered unlikely to go in quest of it themselves, the ballad literature of their country. Still, we regret to find that the publisher's expectations as to the class of his patrons have been disappointed, and his work has been encouraged amongst a higher class than those for whom it was designed. With all the boasted good effected by cheap literature, we suspect that the overproduction of the printing-machine has indirectly supplied the literary market with a vast proportion of trash, which causes the public mind to retrograde, or, at least, become stagnant upon such pernicious food.

The national collections of Percy and Ritson have monthly supplied the staple of this volume; but less accessible and familiar sources have been resorted to, and some of them contemporary: "The Worme of Lambton," reprinted from "Tait's Magazine," is an instance of the latter.

Prefixed to each Ballad is an Introductory Notice, stating its literary history, &c., chiefly drawn up by an active member of the Percy Society. The judgment shown in the selection, as well as the low price of its publication, ought to secure the work a large sale.

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